

L E T T E R S

FROM THE

DUCHESS DE CRUI AND OTHERS,

O N

SUBJECTS MORAL AND ENTERTAINING,

WHEREIN THE

CHARACTER OF THE FEMALE SEX,

W I T H

Their RANK, IMPORTANCE, and CONSEQUENCE,
IS STATED,

And their RELATIVE DUTIES in LIFE are enforced.

By Lady MARY WALKER.

THE SECOND EDITION, corrected.

V O L. IV.

L O N D O N,

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MDCCLXXVII.



LETTER XXXVIII.

From Mr. LEWIS, to Sir JAMES
BRUCE.

DEAR SIR,

SINCE I wrote to you last, we have been constantly travelling, until three weeks ago, when we arrived at the Duke d'Elbeuf's, at Portici. Till of late nothing has occurred for me to write you; for as I know none ever travelled with greater advantages than you, or made a better use of it, it is needless for me to acquaint you with our observations: let it suffice to say, the recommendations we have had, have

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pro-

procured us admittance into the first company wherever we have been. It is not easy for me to give you a just idea of the warmth of our reception here, or how much Mr. Trueman is respected in this family. The Duke and Duchess are a most agreeable couple, and perfectly attached to each other: they have one fine boy and a girl, as beautiful as the sublimest idea of a painter's Cupid, or the children of Fiamingo; these are the delight of the happy parents, who love them to excess.

The Duke, from the observations I have yet been enabled to form of him, is one of those few who can be chearful and employed, without having recourse to the business or diversions of the world. He has a warm imagination, tempered with an excellent understanding, both which he has improved by a judicious mixture

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ture of reading and conversation. He is arrived at that period of life when the powers of the mind are in their truest vigour ; and having conversed at large long enough to give him a thorough knowledge of mankind ; has narrowed the circle of his friends as well as acquaintances, desiring but few of either. He is a professed admirer of what he calls refined *simplicity* ; and discovers that chastity of taste, not only in his judgment of the fine arts, but in his house, furniture, and equipage, and in short throughout the whole conduct and œconomy of his life. Though his inclinations have led him to place his felicity in family-connections, his talents qualify him for making a figure in the active scenes of life ; yet at the same time it must be confessed there is a certain natural delicacy in the frame of his

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mind,

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mind, which would have rendered him less serviceable in business, than others of inferior abilities.—I mention nothing of Herculaneum, as there are so many excellent accounts of it already ; I shall only tell you the Duke's father discovered these ruins at sixty feet distance below the surface ; and what is still more remarkable, forty feet below the bed of the sea.

I must now acquaint you the very high character Mr. Trueman gave us of the Duchess d'Elbeuf and her sister, was so far from being exaggerated, that it was not equal to their merit. They are much admired here, and I may venture to pronounce them the most accomplished of their sex. The first day we arrived, we had a concert ; most of the music of which, was composed by these amiable sisters ; and although

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though there were some of the best *contrapuntists* in Naples present, they yielded the palm to them : Miss Ogilvie can play a *ripieno* part, on the violin, in concert : she sings with a great deal of expression, and has a considerable share of execution.

I ever am, dear Sir,

Your obedient,

humble servant,

JAMES LEWIS.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

From the Same, to the Same.

DEAR SIR,

THE Duchefs has once a week a conversazioni, which is much frequented by the foreigners and men of letters at Naples. This Lady, besides all the virtues and graces she possesses, has acquired a knowledge above her sex; having carried her scientifical acquisitions to the most sublime parts of geometry. These two sisters I own, have perfectly astonished me. They talk of problems, theorems, and equations, and soon convinced me that I was not superior to them in this knowledge, though I had studied it for a much longer time. They have copied many of the fine pictures
at

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at Portici. In short, were I to tell you half of their accomplishments, I should not have time to acquaint you with the consequences Miss Ogilvie's merit has produced.

Mr. Ogilvie is very infirm; it is pleasing to see the Duchess's tender attentions to her father. Both sisters are entirely void of conceit and vanity; and do not seem to have found out their knowledge exceeds that of others. At least they look upon it as a casual advantage, which reflects not honour on themselves, but is entirely owing to their deceased mother; add to all these perfections their extreme beauty, and it is not at all surprising that such uncommon charms should produce uncommon effects. From the first day I observed Lord F—— admire Miss Ogilvie, I asked him carelessly, what he thought

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of her; he answered with vivacity,
 “ Her features are not regular, but
 so well adapted for pleasing, or rather
 for affecting the heart, that it is im-
 possible for any one to see her with
 impunity, unless his heart is defended
 by a previous attachment. Her coun-
 tenance is the expression of sentiment,
 and her loveliness beggars description.”
 The young man run on for half an
 hour, in a strain of rapture and passion,
 not very suitable for my aged *ear* to
hear, or my *pen* to *indite*. I pardoned
 the fire of youth, and acknowledged
 the merit of the object; but was se-
 riously alarmed on account of the
 Lady’s being of the Romish Church.
 I represented to his Lordship, that for
 a young man to form connections for
 life in a foreign country, is a mark of
 great imprudence; and it is rare that
 con-

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connections thus hastily entered into, turn out well.

“ I own, my dear sir, said Lord F——, I am apt to be led away by passion; and when people are under *its* dominion, their arguments are very weak. I have ever, my good friend, proved my respect for you, by the attention I have paid to your counsels; but in this particular no arguments whatever can avail.

“ If Miss Ogilvie is not engaged to Trueman, which I suspect; no other man shall obtain her, but through my heart: if he loves her, I will overcome my passion, or die; I shall put the question to him, and determine accordingly. Miss Ogilvie is a *Roman Catholic*; this, my good friend, can be your only objection to her. The exemplary piety of both sisters, would afford
an

an excellent pattern for protestants, who would be edified by their example ; and learn to blush at themselves for the little attention they pay to their most essential interests." In short, I found it in vain to say any more on this subject ; and Mr. Trueman having convinced my Lord, he had nothing to apprehend from him, he addressed Miss Ogilvie as a lover. The Duke d'Elbeuf is very fond of him, but acquainted him he could not espouse his interest, as he had engaged it before for the Prince de la Rocella, who is passionately in love with her. This prince is very amiable and accomplished ; is possessed of every advantage of fortune, a man of extensive knowledge, and a great connoisseur in all the fine arts.

I heard

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I heard Miss Ogilvie explain to him the general principles of Newton's philosophy, with the profoundness of a great geometrician, the perspicuity and ease of a person of wit, and all the gracefulness and vivacity of youth. There is also here on a visit, Mademoiselle Ardinghelli, a French lady of Italian descent; she translated Dr. Hales's Treatise of Hæmastatics into Italian, when she was only sixteen years of age.

I believe my Lord *now* more sincerely regrets his deficiencies in learning, than ever he did *before*; the Prince's superiority over him in these respects, drives him to despair.

I remain, dear sir,
your obedient
humble servant,

JAMES LEWIS.

L E T T E R XL.

From the Same to the Same.

DEAR SIR,

I NOW reassume my pen : Miss Ogilvie was too amiable to feel a triumphant satisfaction in the number of her admirers, or in the thought that her charms are enough to make a man of merit forget his own dignity. She acquainted the Prince de la Rocella, that Lord F——was the favoured lover. This she had the prudence to do, before she had afforded my Lord the smallest hopes. Lord F—— had been in the anti-chamber with the Prince, when the latter was sent for by Miss Ogilvie. Lord F——continued there in a situation not to be described. When
Miss

Miss Ogilvie came into it with the Prince, her seeing him at that particular time, covered *her with confusion*; and making an apology she retired. There is sometimes a confusion in the innocence of some people, and a cross-concurrence of ill-looking circumstances, very like the blushing evidences of guilt.

As the sight of Lord F—— could not, at this time, be very agreeable to the Prince, he made a slight bow, and was retiring, when the jealousy and impetuosity of the latter broke out into a threatening menace, telling the prince that however happy he might think himself, yet he should never possess Miss Ogilvie, while there remained a drop of blood in his body. The Prince, who piques himself upon being descended from the Greeks, (and actually resembles them in his person, being broad
and

and full chested, with a fine complexion and a very brisk eye) looked down with ineffable contempt on Lord F—— ; “ Stripling (said he), I was willing to have spared you ; but now, as you have given me the lesson, look to the consequences.” The Italians, though possessed of as much vivacity and acuteness as any people, are at the same time remarkable for the most deliberate composure. If they sometimes take it upon them to revenge their own wrongs, it is owing to the slowness of the laws, or the remissness of their magistrates, from whom little redress, especially against a superior, is to be expected. When Lord F—— was informed by Miss Ogilvie of her distinction in his favour, he was much concerned that the warmth of his temper had hurried him into such an impetuosity with the Prince.

Prince. Alarmed for the consequences, I sent Mr. Trueman to wait on him, (judging a young man's sentiments, upon this occasion, would have greater weight than my own) to mitigate his resentment. His embassy proved ineffectual; the passions of men, who are not subject to be ruffled, are much more to be dreaded than those of a sort of people, who can have their whole frame shaken and torn to pieces concerning the merest trifles. The Prince received Mr. Trueman very graciously, made a cool reply, *that he knew what was necessary and due to his dignity*, and declining entering any more into that subject, expressed his happiness in seeing him at his palace.

Their conversation turned on general topics, such as the laws of Naples, its commerce, state of its music, painting, and architecture, &c. The Prince shewed

shewed Mr. Trueman his fine collection of pictures, and desired the favour of his company at dinner, which invitation he complied with, to facilitate the scheme he had in view, of conciliating matters between his Highness and Lord F——.

After dinner the Prince told Mr. Trueman, that at six he must leave him for half an hour, but intreated his remaining until he returned, otherwise he would place his departure, to his unpoliteness in leaving him; that if he chose to retire to his library, he might amuse himself there; or, as he was so fond of music, his concert began at five o'clock, and he had some of the first performers in Italy in his band.

Mr. Trueman was greatly charmed with their performance. There were two girls from the *Incurabili*, who perfectly

fectly enchanted him; he says they are absolute nightingales, and have a facility of executing difficult divisions equal to that of birds. As we knew that Mr. Trueman was with the Prince, we were not alarmed upon missing Lord F——. Judge of our surprize, when his Lordship was brought home upon a litter, apparently dead. We were soon relieved from our anxiety by the arrival of the surgeon, whom Lord Truby, his second, had procured. He gave us very good hopes, after examining the wound; we were resigning ourselves to joy, when Mr. Trueman returned, acquainting us that the Prince was almost expiring; that after he had been brought home, he sent for two of the chief magistrates, to whom he declared, he alone had been the aggressor in this rencounter; that Lord F—— had acted

entirely as a man of honour, and upon the defensive. That the surgeon had searched his wounds, and pronounced them mortal; that he had fainted before he left the palace, where, by his Highness's desire, he was to return, to acquaint him concerning Lord F——.

Luckily for us, the Prince deceived *their* expectations; and is now recovering, though slowly. My Lord was perfectly well at the end of a fortnight; he attends his Highness with the most unwearied assiduity, even sacrificing the pleasure of enjoying the company of the woman he loves, to perform this act of friendship; and has not urged the completion of his happiness, lest the Prince should relapse. He says, the delight he experiences in being the object of Miss Ogilvie's affections, makes him consider the greatness of the
Prince's

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Prince's disappointment with compassion; that it would be a shame for a man so happy as he is, not to soothe his melancholy. Her attachment to him, is encreased by this proof of the goodness of his heart. Reason governs her thoughts and actions in every thing, nor can the greatest flow of spirits make this lovely woman lose sight of propriety. Every thing in her is natural grace, she is always consistent and uniform.

Severe laws have been made against duelling; they have generally been evaded. How is it possible they can answer the end proposed? Can the fear of death prevent a crime founded on the contempt of death? Can a penal statute make that infamous, which custom makes reputable? Thus the

world is more governed by prejudice and custom, than by reason.

Miss Ogilvie regarded this transaction in a very serious light. The highest authority of *her* church is against it. The council of Trent treats the combatants who fall, as self murderers, and denies them christian burial. It is surely gaming very deep, to stake soul and body against a trifle.

The unchristian custom of duelling owed its rise to the barbarous nations, who had however, some plea to make in excuse, which we have not, as they were governed by particular lords, and were not united under *one* head or government, to which, as a last resort, persons supposing themselves aggrieved, might appeal for legal address.

I remain, dear sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

JAMES LEWIS.

L E T T E R XLI.

From the Same, to the Same.

DEAR SIR,

I Have now the pleasure of congratulating you on the acquisition you have made to the worthies of your family by Miss Ogilvie; she laid aside that name yesterday.

The *Prince* was present, but almost fainted during the ceremony; and, excusing himself from weakness owing to his late indisposition, retired. I am certain he must have suffered much in obtaining this victory over himself. Lord F—— has promised to remain one year longer in Italy: I propose returning next month. Mr. Trueman, at the Prince's desire, has attended him.

constantly during his illness: he is to take a tour with him to Greece: this jaunt is highly agreeable to him. To see a people whose ancestors were the original founders of literature, must ever be entertaining to a classical investigator. The present inhabitants of Greece do not indeed merit any peculiar attention from men of learning—strangers as they are to the liberty and learning of their ancestors!—Their country however having frequently been styled classic ground, must induce the scholar to explore those regions which have produced scenes of the greatest actions, performed by the greatest heroes, and recorded by the greatest poets, &c.

As the Prince has both the power and inclination to serve Mr. Trueman, I flatter myself his fortune is made. I know no person so worthy as himself: after

ter the most exact attention, I cannot discover in him one single fault as to his morals, knowledge, or accomplishments. His person is manly, yet soft and expressive; in his manners he is modest, yet full of taste and fire; in his disposition never weak, yet full of sensibility: understanding, enjoying, extracting the essence, the quintessence of pleasure from every object of pleasure, yet deriving it still more from the sacrifice of it all to another. Is his friend in distress, he will with pleasure give up his purse to relieve him: in danger, he will, with still more pleasure, give up his safety to defend him. I have made my will in this young man's favour, and the idea of his possessing a competency affords me true satisfaction. By this means, my dear sir, when my grey hairs are laid with my fathers, I shall

bleſs your family and my neighbourhood, by leaving them a ſucceſſor, whoſe virtues and high qualities muſt endear him to the worthy ; and will more than atone for the loſs of an old man, whoſe only merit has conſiſted in the goodneſs of his intentions ; having never had ſuch diſtinguiſhed abilities as to have rendered any ſmall knowledge he may have beneficial to more than his own flock. The pictures and other curioſities my Lord has intruſted to my care for your acceptance, I ſhall take every method for their preſervation.

I am ever, dear Sir,

your obliged humble ſervant,

JAMES LEWIS.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLII.

From Mrs. Ross, to Mrs. BRUCE.

DEAR MADAM,

MISS N—— and I arrived safe at Filmer-Place, and found all the worthy family in perfect health. They were just returned from the seat of the Duke of A——, where they had all been on a visit to Lord and Lady Dacres. Lady Filmer tells me that they are at present very happy. My Lady is greatly charmed with her new title, fine place, and large fortune; while my Lord is intoxicated with her beauty, calls her an angel at every word, and in all companies exclaims against celibacy. Late converts are generally, you know, the most zealous; but a woman

woman who is so much exalted above what she can *deserve*, has reason to be *terrified*, to think of the height she must fall from in his opinion, after the honeymoon is over: as it is in his power to treat her but as what she really is, *a mere mortal woman*.

The Duke is much engrossed by trifles. What greater debasement can happen to mankind, than to have their understandings reduced to the condition of infants and ideots, and to like only what they laugh at. If their shape was metamorphosed into monkeys, the dignity of human nature could not be more debased by it. We should have no *taste*, for any thing that is not directed by good sense; nothing should have a place in our esteem from their being only uncommon: but the word *common* disgusts people so much, that
they

they even lay aside *common sense*. It has long been exploded by the schools, the virtuosi, and what are called the fine people. Whereas in reality, few things are desirable if they are very rare: and ought we not to be free from that littleness of mind, which makes people value a thing the more for its being possessed by none but themselves? Some virtuosi, were they to calculate their estates, might reduce all to the inventory of Scopias the Thessalonian, who professed his lay only in such *toys* as did no good. But to return from this digression: Lady Filmer says Lady Dacres took infinite pains to mortify Lady Harriet, by exaggerating every circumstance in her situation, whereby she thought she should have the pre-eminence over her, when united to Mr. Filmer. I asked her, in coming home,

if

if she did not repent her cruelty to Lord Dacres? She smiled, and said, she was sure her dear mamma was only diverting herself by asking such a question; that she aspired not at high titles, great fortune, nor splendid equipages; that her dear Edward, in her eyes, was infinitely to be preferred to all other considerations. “But, added she, madam, were he out of the question, I would not marry a man whose want of knowledge might make me stagger in the performance of my duty to him; and who would perhaps command from want of understanding, what I should think unreasonable to comply with. There is a pleasure and credit in yielding up even one’s own judgment, in things indifferent, to a man that is wiser than one’s self (like Mr. Filmer;) but we are apt to doubt in a man of contrary cha-

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character, what in the other we should have no doubt about; and to doubt of a person's merit, is the first step to disobedience. Such are this excellent girl's sentiments.

Lord H—— is constantly here: I am pleased with the delicacy of his behaviour to Miss N——; nothing is more easy than *love* to conquer *reason*; its greatest triumph is, when it is victorious over *interest*. His father is quite charmed with her. There is (you know) a native dignity in her person, which inspires respect; while a melancholy with which her fine features are tinged, excites one's tenderness. As Lord Chester considers his son, as the cause of the latter, he is impatient for the celebration of the nuptials. They are to take place next week; as also Lady Harriet's and Mr. Filmer's.

A letter

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A letter accompanies this to request your presence upon this occasion. Lord Chester has been at the utmost pains to soothe and comfort Miss N—, and to remove all her scruples in marrying his son. I was present when he spoke to her as follows : “ Learn, madam, to respect yourself ; your H—— loves you, his father reveres you, and the rest of the world must admire and will esteem you, if you do not by over-humility lead them to disrespect you. *In this age we may do just what we please.* I have known an amiable woman, possessed of every virtue, and almost superior to the common frailties of human nature, except those which arose from the weakness of her heart, in favour of one distinguished object ; I say I have known such a one censured, and conscious of *her meriting it*, would not defend herself

or increase her error by falshood ; and in consequence of this integrity of heart, has been discarded by society.

“ As if integrity of manners, which comprehends the whole virtues, was a thing of no consequence. A prejudice not only false in its principle, but so much the more dangerous, as it has often been, to many, productive of the most shocking misfortunes of their lives: for having once happened to fail in what they have been instructed was their sole obligation, they are apt too hastily generally to conclude, that they have no other duty to regard. From this arises the numerous instances of misery in the unhappy, and much to be pitied, women of the town, who have first erred from an excess of sensibility, which might have secured to men of honour and just sentiments the most supreme felicity, had

had they formed honourable connections with such persons ; and which drives the wretched objects to despair, when they find themselves abandoned by their inhuman seducers. And as they have nothing to hope from relations or the world, they are necessitated to connect themselves with the infamous, by which means they become hardened in their iniquity, and go on from bad to worse, until they end their shameful course in the most deplorable and insupportable wretchedness.

“ But to return (said Lord Chester) from this digression, I mentioned to you an instance of a lady’s being shut out from society for her candour. On the contrary, I have seen others, who with the most unparalleled effrontery, have gone the greatest lengths in libertinism ; made no secret of their shameful and

universal

universal prostitution; yet by dint of assurance go every where, are received well, and whose houses are frequented by all the fashionable world." How just, my dear Mrs. Bruce, are these sentiments.

Lord and Lady H—— are to be presented at court immediately after the marriage, are to stay a week in town, and are then to set off for Italy, accompanied by Lord Chester. His Lordship wrote a letter to Lady N——, to ask her to see her daughter previous to the marriage.

The haughty mother replied, she would never again behold her daughter as Miss N——: if she became lady H——, it would be then high time to consider how she was to act, and to show whether natural affection, or wounded honour should have the pre-

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eminence in her breast. Miss N——
 was greatly hurt at her mother's answer. "To err is human, to forgive divine." How noble is that sentiment? The supreme Being is won by penitence to pardon; shall honour or religion dare to be more inexorable? I admire that sentiment of Pliny, that he looked upon that man as best and most faultless, who pardons others, as if he never erred; but yet so abstains from errors himself, as if he would never pardon. You know the poet says,

Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
 Is not of heav'n, nor earth.

I ever am, my dear Madam,
 your affectionate and
 obedient humble servant,

MARY ROSS.

L E T T E R XLIII.

From Lady FILMER, to Mrs. BRUCE.

DEAR MADAM,

THOUGH I have not the honour of being personally known to you, yet I entertain so high an idea of your merit, as to embrace with great pleasure, this opportunity of paying you my respects; and of congratulating you on Sir James's marriage to the worthiest, the most exemplary of her sex; whose knowledge every one must allow is inferior to few others; and whose prudence, wisdom, and virtue, have distinguished her in the various circumstances of her walk through life. Upon Sir James's arrival here, he pleaded his cause so effectually, that we at last prevailed

on Mrs. Ross's waving the ceremony of waiting a few months longer.

The completion of my son's happiness, hardly afforded me more joy than that of my friends. The three couple were married yesterday. Lady H—— is an amiable deserving woman ; yet, dear Madam, what a hard part has she not got to act in life ! It is with such a character, as with a limb that has been broken, the fracture may be healed, but the part is easily affected, and cannot bear the least contusion. " Miserable (said Cicero) must that man be, whose former life stood in need of an apology." Under *her* unhappy predicament, she must bid adieu to all her spontaneous, lively, unoffending follies, which, harmless in themselves, commonly please, and are construed as the prerogatives of youth. She must be tied up to a certain
medium

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medium difficult in itself, and placed betwixt two extremes, which she must be careful of approaching, lest it should be thought she goes beyond. She must be *mysterious*, where there is no *mystery*; she must look *grave* when others may *laugh*; she must be *reserved* in general companies, where *liveliness* and *ease* would render her more agreeable; and and she must be contented to appear a *fool*, lest a misconstruction should be put on her words and actions*. And it is most probable, that after all her care, she will be esteemed through life, either a *prude* or a *coquette*. Both of which characters are despicable; but of

* The peculiar circumstances which placed the present Empress of Russia upon the throne, appears to me to bear some analogy to this, as they fetter her conduct, and deprive her in a great measure of the power to act in conformity with the dictates of her own judgment.

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the two, I look upon it to be a less crime to go one's self, than to lead others astray ; and think it much less blameable to want *prudence* than *character* ; to have a weak *heart*, than an impertinent and *corrupt mind*.

The many ill-natured things which have been circulated, and by Lady H——'s own relations, are really astonishing. Slander and invective do an injury never to be repaired, and are consequently unpardonable sins.

But as we can no more correct all ill opinions in the world, than heal all the distempers that are in it, let us possess ourselves with this maxim, *We can never be hurt but by ourselves*. Till there shall be a possibility of banishing from human society all envy, all dishonesty, and all ill-nature, it would be unwise to make ourselves uneasy about their effects.

Let these effects (I have urged to Lady H——) be confined to the objects from whence they proceed; there it is only they ought to be, and there it is generally productive of misery. A vicious and unfriendly disposition, is a greater torment to its possessor, than it can be to others; and is the proper object of *pity*, not *resentment*. “The comforts of a good conscience, answered Lady H——, together with the chearful prospects of futurity, are certainly more than a counterbalance for the severest sufferings. But though the opinion of the world is of little value to a heart conscious of its own integrity, alas! madam, the want of it is a bitter ingredient in the cup of the self-condemned.

She is evidently still in a very declining state of health; the sense of

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her past errors prey upon her spirits. If we regard this world only, it is the interest of every man to be either *perfectly good*, or *completely bad*; he had better *destroy* his conscience than *gently wound* it. The many bitter reflections which every bad action costs a mind in which there are any remains of goodness, are not to be compensated by the highest pleasures such an action can produce. When I look at her it reminds me of an apostrophe, the author of a poem called the Magdalens, has to the women of the world, in proposing to them the patron of the penitent of St. Baume.

Ne rougirez vous point de ses pales couleurs ?

All this family join in best compliments to you and Mr. Bruce. We propose accompanying Sir James and my
Lady

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Lady to Bruce-Hill. I need not mention the happiness I expect from being personally known to a lady whom I so highly respect as Mrs. Bruce,

Being with the utmost regard, Madam,

Your most obedient

humble servant,

AMELIA FILMER.

L E T T E R XLIV.

From Mr. TRUEMAN, to Mr. LEWIS.

DEAR SIR,

I Hope this letter will find you safely arrived at your peaceful habitation; and that you found all your friends in perfect health. As I know your goodness, I make no doubt you have employed

I employed some trusty person to make enquiries in Scotland concerning my worthy parent; and if she is still alive, that you have transmitted to her the small sum of money which I have been enabled to spare, to administer to her wants. To make that respectable woman easy, happy, and comfortable in her old age, is the wish of my soul; to the accomplishment of it my every endeavour tends.

The extreme melancholy with which the Prince is affected, has made me propose his removal from a place which revives in his mind so many disagreeable ideas, and feeds a passion which, I am afraid, nothing will be able to surmount.

It has been with great pain, my dear friend, I have discovered the Prince's *septicism*, which I have endeavoured to remove. How much have I wished for
your

your instruction, left by my own want of knowledge or misapprehension, I might not have sufficiently been informed in what I have taken upon me to explain. I have studied the Prince's character; he is possessed of almost every good quality; is rational, and impartial, even to self-condemnation; it is a rule with him to do always what is right; he is virtuous, is so from principle, and is universally approved. And as Homer says of Axylus, "He was a friend to mankind because he loved them all." His Highness is also noble, gentle, generous; he possesses every amiable virtue, but is so far from being conscious of any, or reflecting upon them as virtues, that he practises them only as the means of happiness; and they are so far from being the effect of labour or restraint, that he would suffer if ever
he

he deviated from them : his virtues therefore have a certain freedom, an elegance, and an inexpressible charm of nature about them ; which to be admired, needs only to be seen : whereas the strong desire which some people have to please, always prevents their doing so. With the greatest contempt of money, his liberality is remote from profusion, which often goes hand in hand with rapacity ; nay what would be profusion in another, is generosity and propriety in him. *Uncommon* characters act superior to *common* rules. Cold insensibility, corrupt selfishness, licentiousness, and depravity, he compels at once to perceive, to taste, and to approve the pure, exalted, refined delight of being serviceable to mankind, of which before they had neither relish nor conception. In short, there is but one shade to his character,
and

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and sorry I am, that were it to continue, it would be sufficient to eclipse the whole; but I trust in God that through my humble endeavours it will be removed. As soon as I was certain of the *Prince's* infidelity, I could not help being surpris'd at his regular attendance at mass, and attention to religious observances. I soon discovered from him, that one of the first principles of a deist is, to conform to the external ceremonies of worship for the sake of society. Those people who look upon revelation as a fable, believe it to be of use to the greater part of mankind, who are incapable of conducting themselves merely by motives of honour; and are willing to leave them in an error which is productive of moral advantages. The conduct of the Prince is such, that he can have no interest in his
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incredulity, therefore the greatest difficulty is got over.

I repeated to his Highness the sentiment I remember to have read of one of our English divines, which I observed had great weight with him, "That supposing an infidel had as much reason to doubt, as a christian to believe, I would (said the author) be a christian upon the principles of common sense: for to what risque would such a conduct expose me? Religion, if it had no foundation, would be a comfortable error, which would support me under circumstances of distress, and would deprive death of its horrors, by the hope of a happy existence hereafter. But if an impious man is mistaken, what a risque does he run! Dreadfully must he be undeceived?" The prince acknowledged to me, his mind was unhinged by many doubts

doubts which had been infused into him, as there were many things he could not understand; must not this ever be the case, said he, where different religions have introduced prejudices, enthusiasms, and scepticisms; where different systems of philosophy have confounded truth; and where universal deceit has so undermined it, that if all the actions and principles of men could be thrown into one view, the fancied chaos would have less confusion in it. I replied, that our Saviour and his apostles had their knowledge from a purer fountain than that of philosophy. The lights they introduced into the world, were immediately drawn from Heaven, and have nothing in common with the frivolous speculations of human wisdom: that our not being able to understand the most mysterious
 parts

parts of christianity, is no argument against the truth of them.

There are many things in nature whose certainty I by no means question, and yet am totally ignorant of the methods whereby many of them operate; and even of the use of some of them. Can you say what purpose the fiery comet answers? How is its motion produced so regular in its period, so unequal in its motion, and so eccentric in its course? If we descend to the meanest objects, into which the Author of nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations that those bodies bear to one another, we have sufficient evidence of an all-wise Creator; but there is still somewhat more wonderful and surprising in the world of life. The divine power and goodness is no less conspicuous

spicuous in the diversity, than in the multitude of living creatures.

Who could have thought, before the discovery of the microscope, that there existed animals, perfect in all their parts, of which one million did not equal in magnitude a grain of sand ? That the scum on water was only a world of insects ? That the green mould on decaying fruits, which, to the naked eye, presents no regular figure, was in reality a forest ; a miniature vegetation, where not only an infinite variety of trees, but their blossoms, and ripe productions, are seen to take place successively as in larger, but with a duration proportioned to their size ? And yet these wonders, with an infinite number more, are now as certain truths, as that there are any such thing as animal or vegetable life discernible by the naked

eye. They are so much the objects of sense as larger existencies, and appear uniform and invariable to different observers.

It is probable, that the smallest insect, perceptible to the naked eye, is but a kind of medium in nature, and that there are perfect animals as many degrees less than a mite, as a mite is less than an elephant. How wonderful the thought! how worthy the pursuit of it, of all our curiosity and industry!

The mechanical works of the greatest artists, should we examine them with a good microscope, we shall be immediately convinced, that the utmost power of art is only a concealment of deformity, an imposition upon our want of sight, and that our admiration of it arises from our ignorance of what it really is.

But,

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But, on the contrary, the plainer we distinguish, the more we can discover of the works of nature, even in the least and meanest of her productions, the more sensible we must be of the wisdom, power, and greatness of their Author.

In what manner (continued I) can we account for the polypus's property of supplying that part of its body which shall be cut away? That insect alone, of all the creation, does not continue maimed by amputation, but multiplies by it. To what can we attribute this difference in an insect, which in all particulars beside resemble so many others? Yet who doubts of these things*?

• We find, in Bonnet's Considerations of Organized Bodies, in his twelfth chapter, several reflections on the discovery of the polypus, with observ-

M. de Buffon, in his comparison between animals and vegetables, plainly proves, that there is no difference absolutely general and essential between them ; but that nature descends by imperceptible degrees from the most perfect, to the most imperfect animal, and from thence to the most perfect vegetable. The fresh water polypus, if you please, says he, is the last of animals, and the first of vegetables. It is probable, had Leibnitz or M. de Buffon,

ations on the scale of beings ; together with some uncommon facts relating to vegetables, and the analogy between trees and the bones of animals. Mr. Bonnet also makes two quotations from Mr. Formey, and professor Thoeneg, the one tending to shew that the propagation of insects, by dividing them, was known to St. Augustin, and even so long ago as the times of Aristotle; the other, intimating that the discovery of the polypus was foretold by Leibnitz, as a necessary link in the chain, uniting the animal and vegetable creation.

ever

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ever heard of the animal flower, in Barbadoes, of which the ingenious Mr. Hughes has given the world an account, they would have chosen it, instead of the polypus; for as it seems to have a root, it partakes more than the polypus of the vegetable; but whether it draws any nourishment from that root, is dubious.

An unknowing or accidental cause could never produce such wonderful effects. Common sense is able to inform the lowest capacity, that if man could make himself, he would, by a necessary consequence, be perfect as his Maker is, and not be subject to change, pain, or dissolution; in all which, and many other frailties, the most perfect among us give evidence of the weakness and corruption of our nature: so that the divine existence

may be made evident even from our inability to exist without him. If you view the construction of your body, and consider who, and what you are, or whereof you consist; that all the animal motion necessary to your life is independent of your will; that your heart continually beats without your consent and direction, that your blood flows through its various channels; and your arteries, sinews, pulse, muscles, fibres, and nerves, all perform their respective functions, without your help and advice; how you are preserved in the world, and came into it without any knowledge or concurrence of your own: it is evidently apparent, that he who at the beginning made man, endued him with senses because they were good for him—Eyes wherewith to behold whatever was visible, and ears to
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hear whatever was to be heard. For to what purpose should odours be prepared, if the sense of smelling had been denied? Or why the distinctions of bitter and sweet, unless a palate had been likewise given to judge of them, and declare the difference?

Is not that Providence conspicuously eminent, which, because the eye of man is so delicate in its contexture, hath therefore prepared eye-lids to receive them, which extend of themselves whenever it is needful, and again close when sleep approaches? What sounds would stun our ears, if we had the sense of hearing in as high a degree as many brutes? And should we not be as much offended by our sight, if our eyes magnified objects like certain insects? We must therefore allow, that nature has beneficently and justly given greater de-

degrees of sensibility to brutes than men. The Author of nature has taken care to provide all his creatures with organs in proportion to the purposes he has made them for, and has given us all a sufficient certainty, that a power far exceeding human knowledge, is exerted even in the support of our bodies. In pursuit of this let us enquire wherefrom we have our breath, the comforts of heat and light, the fruits of the earth, the faculties of the mind, the growth of our bodies, the insertion, or joining of our bones, or the circulation of our blood? Even this superficial survey of the human body produces amazement in persons endowed with the slowest intellects: but those who have made that happy progress in physiology, as to discover the harmony and usefulness of all the parts of the human system, their mathematical situation,

tion, the regular motion of the pulse, the wonderful variety and aptitude of the muscles and fibres, the curious diversity of duplicates through the whole texture, where necessary, the separation of the juices, and the manner of digestion : those are they who daily have opportunities of admiring the wisdom and conduct of Providence, in so noble a fabrick. As man is an intelligent creature, endowed with reason, conscience, and the capacity of thinking, comparing, and judging, and making a great progress in knowledge without confusion; does it not plainly prove a divine, immaterial, and omnipotent Creator. Our reflections, intentions, and reason, must be derived from something more noble than the native dulness of matter; for that which has none of those itself, cannot confer any of them upon another.

It

It is impossible to imagine any relation between the motion or figure of matter and thought ; for whether matter be divided or not into more agitated particles ; it is not the less matter, less corporeal, or more capable of thinking, the essence of matter being always the same : because there can be no difference discovered in the several sorts of its accidents, such as motion, figure, size, &c. none of which can render it capable of thought ; so that, if thinking were essential to matter, all matter would of necessity think. In short, it is as easy to conceive how the modifications of sound should produce seeing, as how the modifications of matter can produce thinking, for matter cannot determine its own motion ; nor can a motion (which is the only operative accident in it) determine itself, but must be determined
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by some external cause, that is, by something of another nature. Hence it appears, that no such thing as body can be the first cause of motion; so that the first cause of motion must be incorporeal; and this first cause must be the original of all beings that have understanding, or can be understood."

The Prince answered, " Might not man exert the same functions under another form, and without that internal mechanism I had described; why then has he this form, or those intricacies in his machinery?" I replied, " Because his Maker chose it, as seeing it best." Is not this, my respectable friend, the proper answer on all occasions, when the decrees of the Almighty are discussed! Facts only are obvious to our reason; we must judge of them by the evidence of their reality: if that is sufficient to
 establish

establish the facts, why, or how, they were produced, is beyond our comprehension. *Finite minds* cannot judge of *infinite wisdom*. Should we not beware of giving causes for things which are primary in themselves : and doing what Leibnitz thought it unreasonable to require, as appears by his question to a great queen, “ Vous voulez, madame, que je vous donne le pourquoi de pour quoi ? ”

Let us, in admiring the works of nature, be conscious of the deficiency of our own judgment, when it attempts to find out the ways of infinite wisdom ; and let us be as cautious of enquiring into his handy-works, as we should be of meddling with his attributes. But to pursue this enquiry a little farther : if we are led by unprejudiced reason to consider what could pass in the dark and wasteful

ful regions of nature, before the obscure confusion of the unborn world was calmed and reduced into harmony and order ; what the state of this earth was before the distribution of the first matter into parts ; whence that matter proceeded ; what supernatural power drew order out of that confusion, giving laws to the whole, and the least individual thereof : and whence the various operations of nature so regularly proceeded.—what can we think ! Can we impute the origin, and government of all this, to chance ! Surely all the laws of motion and vicissitudes in nature, that are regulated with so much order, proportion, and design, can never be the effect of an accidental concurrence of irregular causes operating by an ignorant necessity ! Chance can never act in a perpetual consistence with itself, or appear uniform in all its operations.

The great Author of nature has discovered himself to us in the profusion of his blessings ; and engages our affections by his boundless munificence. If a due sense of such inestimable benefactions does not lead us to a knowledge of him who is the fountain from whence they flow, we must not only be shamefully remiss, but ungrateful.

Let us reflect on the end for which the beauty, order, and immense treasure of the whole was intended ; but let us be careful not to extend our enquiries beyond the limits prescribed to human reason.—I know not if you will approve of my arguments, but I flatter myself that they have been efficacious to the Prince.

I am ever, dear Sir, your obliged,
and obedient servant,

EDWARD TRUEMAN.

L E T T E R XLV.

From Lady FILMER, to Lady BRUCE.

Filmer-Place.

DEAR MADAM,

SIR John and I arrived safe here, and found Lady Harriet and Edward in perfect health, and as happy as you could possibly wish them. Joyful state of human nature, loving and being beloved ; where every joy is heightened into rapture, where every little pleasing trifle unfelt by others, becomes a source of infinite delight ! May no fell hour destroy this blissful state, no blasting incident breathe destruction on their blooming hopes of happiness. Lady Dacres had sent frequent messages to
know

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know when I was to arrive : I sent to her as soon as I came to town ; she came instantly to me. My Lord has taken a girl into keeping, one of the dancers at the opera. In consequence of this, they have had frequent quarrels.

He acquainted her coolly, men of the world, instead of overcharging the heart with one grand passion, divide its affection into a thousand little, light, transitory likings, tastes, and attachments (the small money of love), as people change gold into silver, preserving still the value of the whole. Lady Dacres' pride was sensibly hurt, and things have come to the utmost extremity between them ; insomuch that she was determined to leave him, and return no more to her house. I reasoned her out of it, by desiring her to recollect, what right she

she had to expect constancy from a man, whose character she had been well informed of, previous to her connection with him.

“ Had you seen things as they really were, said I, you would have as little been persuaded that Lord Dacres was a *hero* of romance, as that yourself were that *goddess* he defined you. There is no eternity in any sublunary thing, and least of all in love. When a lover swears, *he will love you eternally*, it signifies only, *his passion will last as long as it can* *.

“ It is necessary to a certain degree, we should accommodate our *likings* and our

* In the love calendar, as moments are sometimes years, and years ages; it happens too that ages become years, and years moments: thus, *it is an eternity since I saw you*, sometimes means, I have not seen you these two days; and *my love will be eternal*, often signifies, *it will last but two days*.

aversions, to our situations; by struggling with our chains, we only inflict wounds that were never intended us. Endeavour to calm your spirits, and take care of your health; (she lays in next month) perhaps when Lord Dacres is humanized by the tender name of father, it may probably make a change in his conduct.

“Had you, my dear Lady Dacres, left your husband’s house, a thousand stories would have circulated to your prejudice, and you would have had no longer the command of that fortune, which you may now render beneficial to others.”

This last circumstance seemed to strike her particularly. I told her, I was very far from depreciating her Lord’s understanding; but as she herself seemed to hold it in contempt, she shou’d be more
careful

careful to restrain her vivacity, than she need to have done, had he had superior talents to herself. It is a great advantage in the commerce of life, to have to do with people of sense, rather than with others. Whatever misunderstanding may be our unhappiness to fall into, with regard to the former, it is sufficient, in order to recover their good graces, to explain ourselves, justify our conduct, or offer an apology for it. But as to the *stupid* and *ignorant*, it is a much more difficult matter to deal with *them*; for as they are extremely bigoted in their prejudices, a reconciliation with them is not easily obtained. I afterwards spoke to Lady Dacres of her religious duties, which would dictate patience, resignation, and all the other virtues. "This, said I, will teach you to bear up under disgust, anger, and

perhaps contempt; will render you affectionate, virtuous, sensible, even if after every effort to please, you are still exposed to the ill treatment of your husband. And though you may never have the satisfaction of receiving approbation for actions the most commendable, nay, must even conceal them, and for your own ease appear to be in fault; religion will teach you to hide your sorrows from the world, and mourn only in secret; and thus making a continual sacrifice of your inclinations, you will endeavour to take on *yourself*, the blame of those faults which you cannot *prevent*. Though you will be guided only by those rules which virtue and reason inspire, it is probable your virtue will be unapproved, and your reason unattended to; and yet though every solicitude and indulgence, of
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themselves almost persuasive, prove ineffectual to the purpose desired, you will still endeavour that nothing of this domestic uneasiness shall be observed by others, that your husband may at least appear a man of sense and principle."

" Good God ! Madam, replied she, how you alarm me ! I always thought to be married, was to be *my own mistress* ; instead of which, from the picture you have drawn, you put me in mind of the pitiable situation of those poor men in the army, who serve under tyrannical officers. Born to the same privileges with those who command them, and even by the military law entitled to good usage, it is with them often a point of prudence to put up with the worst : to quit the service without leave, is death ; to complain, may be construed mutiny, and expose a man to great

danger. Now if I am under the same unfortunate predicament, I am to have no *passions*, no *inclinations* of my own, but am to be turned into a piece of clock-work, which my husband is to wind up, or let down at his good pleasure. A fine woman, when she is married, then, makes as ridiculous a figure as a beaten general marching out of a garrison."

I could not help smiling at this sally, but recollecting myself, put her in mind, it had not been my fault if she were not better informed; as I had always represented to her, that before we enter into *any relation*, we should set ourselves to examine with care, what are the *duties* which it *especially* requires; what kind of *behaviour* will render us most agreeable and useful to those with whom we are concerned; that we expect not perfection

tion in any, nor lay too much stress on nice punctilios of honour and respect; that we make favourable interpretations, and the most indulgent and candid allowances in all cases, that the nature of the cases themselves will bear; that we animadvert not too strictly on little failings and indiscretions; nor be *over-rigid* in censuring greater miscarriages, which appear to have proceeded from precipitation, oversight, a want of due reflection, and not from a vicious or malevolent heart, or a real intention to offend; that we avoid *moroseness*, which make others sullen and disobliging; *unjust suspicions* which are the bane of friendship, and destroy mutual confidence: *excesses of passion*, which blind the understanding, that it cannot form a right judgment; and *pride*, one of the most turbulent of the bad principles,

by which human nature is actuated; and that, above all things, we should preserve a cool temper, or if it happened at any time to be inflamed, to allay the ferment, and reduce it to a state of composure and tranquility as soon as possible; that being free from inward perturbation, we may the more regularly attend to *our own* incumbent duty. “ All this, my dear Lady Dacres, you may recollect I have often told you; and also that by marriage you would contract a still greater dependence; and I also taught you the means of rendering this dependence agreeable, and of cementing the union.

“ When once a wife possesses her husband’s confidence, and deserves it, her power is not inconsiderable. Women have but one privilege, that of making remonstrances; this is really our own,
and

and it is incumbent on us to know how to use it.

“ It is my opinion, that we can have but little love for the person whom we will never indulge, even in an unreasonable demand. But to give up the point with chearfulness in those less important matters, which interest ourselves alone, is absolutely necessary, in order to preserve that influence we have got over a husband, to those greater occasions, wherein a deviation from rectitude would be most dangerous ; to endeavour, without seeming to aim at conviction, to convince him of an error, by that mode of persuasion which is dictated by reason, and presented by all the graces of love and mildness. To be able to do this, is to possess a charm by which we shall obtain such an empire as is most to be preferred, but of which

no boast must be made. It is incredible what a change woman can produce in the conduct, behaviour, and manners of a man. Silence, when it shews *submission* and not *sullenness*, is apter to persuade, than angry arguments produced in opposition. All men love power and superiority, and a *meek and quiet spirit* seems to yield to them, even when it takes their power from them. If you perceive in my Lord a diminution of tenderness, or that he has placed it on another, your cares, your attention to him, ought to redoubled. But be not too prodigal of caresses to him, which at this time might be troublesome.

“ But I charge you above all things never to reproach him, as reproaches, however cautiously worded, generally leave a sting behind them, not easy to
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be extracted. There is, I know, a resource, which some women recur to, but it is a dangerous one ; I mean, coquetry : they hope to accomplish their intentions by means of jealousy. But these women, by adding the loss of esteem to the loss of love, defeat their own schemes, and deprive themselves of every hope of reformation.

“ Now, my dear Lady Dacres, added I, you have given me sincere pleasure, by taking my advice on the present situation of your affairs ; be assured none will more sincerely deal with you ; and I flatter myself, you will pardon the liberty I take in begging to know, by what means you became informed of my Lord’s infidelity to you ?”—After some little hesitation, she said, it was Miss Ridley. —I then asked her, as it was plain it was her duty to act as if she did not know

know it, whether she had been obliged to Miss Ridley for the information?—She said that she herself had desired it, and that their last quarrel had been occasioned by my Lord's insisting on her being sent out of the house; and a slighting speech she had made of his mistress.

I conjured her, to send Miss Ridley home, by which she would show her obedience to my Lord; and never to let any thing severe or ironical fall from her in his hearing, either with respect to himself, or the object of his present affections.—That the best method is, to avoid speaking at all on these subjects. And as to encouraging any person to inform her concerning her husband, I was sure she must be convinced, on reflection, it was being wanting to her own dignity.

Lady

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Lady Dacres assured me, she would follow my advice implicitly ; but could not think of giving up Miss Ridley, whom she had taken under her protection. I told her, that as long as we live in the world we are, and ought to be amenable to the judgment of others, who decide that friendship must consist in an agreement of humour and dispositions. I presumed, therefore, she would be unwilling that a young woman of her character, should be ranked among the number of her friends. The voice of censure I never attend to, but when I perceive corroborating proofs of its justness in the person's conduct ; and surely Miss Ridley's levity is distinguishable in her every action. “ Had she loved you, said I, madam, or had known the world, she would have concealed from you an affair which your knowledge of
could

could not prevent, and which must not only ruin your peace and endanger your health, but might have ruined your reputation for ever, had you left your Lord's house. Nothing but finding some fault in the heart can ever excuse us for abandoning our friends; in this instance, you have great reason to be exculpated to yourself."

In short, my dear Lady Bruce, my arguments prevailed, I attended Lady Dacres home, and, by her desire, took my Lord aside, and informed him of her intention to get rid of Miss Ridley. He appeared very much surprised, and said, that he should always be happy, if she continued to take my advice. I took the liberty of reminding him of her *present* situation, and affection for him, which I was persuaded would induce him to be tender of her, and would
prove

prove an *antidote* to the *poison* which had been infused into her mind. We chatted for two hours, and I had the pleasure of leaving them in apparent good humour.

Of what consequence is it, my dear friend, with whom we connect ourselves! In the choice of my friends, I always made virtue my guide, for I held it as an established rule of my conduct, that where there is no virtue, there can be no friendship; and that the union which is formed by vice, interest, or passion, soon dissolves, nor does it finish but by our ruin.

Friendships should, therefore, never be formed but with the worthy. If drawn into any other by a misrepresentation of character, they should be retracted secretly, to avoid the censure of ill-nature, or ill-manners. But if even such a conduct should be resented by the party,

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it is better to risque their enmity than one's own reputation. If bad example does not suddenly corrupt a heart impressed with the love of virtue, it at least insensibly tarnishes its purity.

Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen.
But seen too oft familiar with its face,
We first behold, then pity, then embrace.

A woman either young, little known, or of a middle station of life, may essentially hurt herself by the protection she affords others, which, at the same time, can be of little use to them. For the same reasons, does not your Ladyship think, that it not only requires a woman of superior rank, or well known in the world, but one of advanced age, and approved conduct, to venture with impunity to Ranaleigh with Lady ———, to Almack's with Mrs. ———, or to exhibit Miss ——— in her box at the opera.

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A brilliant wit, agreeable talents, may gain our admiration, but have no right to our friendship unless they are accompanied with virtue. It is, therefore, essentially necessary, that we do not confound the jargon of the world with the language of the heart, nor blend the superficial manners of people with their real characters. We must avoid falling into vulgar errors ; we should approve or dislike reasonably. If we follow the dictates of reason, we are safe. Let us live in the world, but let us not adopt its follies ; and, at the same time, let us, in avoiding them, beware of thinking that we have a right to despise those who have been so weak as to be seduced by them. It is strange that philosophy, so noble in its principles, so mild in its maxims, so indulgent in its dictates, should insensibly be con-

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founded with a fordid and morose misanthropy ; that an inexhaustible source of consolation to mankind should be employed only in afflicting, mortifying, and insulting us.

Sir John, Lady Harriet, and Edward, join me in best respects to all your family, with congratulations on Mrs. Bruce's safe delivery ; and, I ever am, with real affection,

Yours,

AMELIA FILMER.

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L E T T E R XLVI.

From Mr. TRUEMAN, to Mr. LEWIS.

Naples.

DEAR SIR,

I AM greatly concerned to acquaint you, that the amiable Lady F—— is no more. She was delivered of a daughter, and seemed in a fair way of recovery, but died in the third day. There could be no reason assigned for it, unless we may account for it from the impression of a dream that she had, which all her good sense, and the reasoning of her friends could not overcome.

It is needless to acquaint you of my Lord's distraction of mind, or the

distress of all Lady F——'s friends upon this melancholy occasion. The Prince is inconsolable, and regrets her as if he had himself been the distinguished object of her affections.

I have done every thing in my power to soothe and support them; but being conscious of the inequality of my powers to the due performance of the task, have wished incessantly for your assistance. I have urged to my noble friends, that to lament for the *happy* is impiety and folly. To feel for one's own loss is the impulse of humanity; but a too great indulgence of affliction is contrary to the laws of Christianity.

Mr. Thompson has finely expressed this in his philosophical poem on the Seasons :

This infancy of nature cannot be
God's final purpose.

You

L E T T E R XLVI. 85

You may believe, my dear Sir, I did not intrude these sentiments until a fit opportunity. There are, in truth, certain moments when the music of the *spheres* would be discordant, and when the condolence of our dearest friends is an unwelcome interruption.

The human soul settles on her darling subject, descends into herself, and indulges in a luxury, which, bee-like, extracts the poison of calamity.

Ask the fond youth
 Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd,
 So often fills his arms, so often draws
 His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tear ?
 O ! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds,
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
 That sacred hour, when stealing from the noise
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooths
 With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
 And turns his tears to rapture. AKENSIDE.

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My Lord has been advised to accompany us to Greece. Whenever the mind receives a blow, and is deprived of its usual tranquility, changing the scene is the best method we can take to forget our loss, or disappointment, and restore its peace. New scenes, images, and objects, by attracting our eyes, turn our thoughts into another channel, which, if we can by any means accomplish, our business is done. It is the dwelling on disagreeable reflections excited by the objects before them, which drives so many people under the pressure of affliction to despair.

Now, my dear friend, while I have been exerting myself to reason others into tranquility, it has required no small resignation in myself, to bear with fortitude, the death of my respectable friend, and second parent (my old tutor) Mr. R——.

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I owe every thing to his memory ; he was my only friend, my comforter, and protector : when the unkindness of my relations had plunged the most amiable of mothers into distress, such as even deprived her of educating or maintaining her only child. Alas ! what judgment, what knowledge, what virtue are gone with him to the grave ; oh ! that when he took his flight to Heaven, he could have left me, like Elias, his mantle, that he could have left me his learning and experience in life : such a legacy would have been far more valuable to me than all the riches of Peru. He has left me 1500 pounds. Shall I trouble you to receive it from his executor ? If my mother has survived her misfortunes, transmit it to her : if, alas ! she is no more, lay my trash (for such I shall then consider it) out in any way

your wisdom shall direct. I am called———.

The Prince has had a fall from his horse, by which he has received a violent contusion on the head. He is at present insensible, the surgeons are arrived.——

Alas ! my dear friend, the amiable, the worthy, the deserving *Prince* is in the utmost danger. His priest is with him. He has just sent for me.——

The Prince addressed me in a feeble voice in these words ; “ My dear Trueman, my obligations to you are inexpressible ; I love you with the tenderness of a brother, and as I find myself dying, you will soon be sensible I am not ungrateful to you. *There are few people who have any notion of services, which are not pecuniary.* But in my opinion, those persons who give up
their

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their time, and sacrifice all their inclinations to the humours of others, cannot be over-paid by any thing we can do for them.

“ Men never think a slave obliged to them, for giving him bread when he has performed his task. And certainly it is a double slavery to be made servile under the mask of friendship. I know, my dear friend, added he, how much you have suppressed your own grief, to mitigate ours. The little Eliza and you will share equally of two thirds of my large possessions.” I have not been able to finish my letter until now, all hopes are extinguished.

Alas ! my friend, the Prince's death is announced to me. I can no more.

Yours,

EDWARD TRUEMAN.

L E T T E R XLVII.

From the Same, to the Same.

Naples.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE extreme grief I felt at the conclusion of my last letter was unutterable. I went into the apartment of my deceased friend, clasped the dead body in my arms ; and the lessons I had so frequently and recently given to others, I found difficult to practise myself. As I was pronounced sole executor, I took every thing upon myself ; and was determined not to precipitate matters ; having heard of people's recovering after a long interval of cessation of the animal spirits. By consulting the observations of the famous
anato-

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anatomist Winslow, we may be convinced that between death and life, there is often so faint a shadowing, that it is not even perceptible by all the lights of the medical art, and the most attentive observations. Nothing proves better, how much a certain state of life resembles that of death : so that it is exceeding reasonable, and an act of humanity, to act with caution in the interment of the dead. Four and twenty hours, as it sometimes is performed (in this place), is not a sufficient time for distinguishing between a real and apparent death. There are instances of persons who have risen from their graves after three days. Charity and religion recommend therefore a sufficient time to wait, that life, if it still subsists, may manifest itself by signs.

At

At the end of two days, Lord F—— said to me, “ Trueman, you act like a madman; your attempt is vain. The Prince’s death, joined to my other misfortunes, are too much for me: I quit Naples to-morrow; I take my Eliza with me. As her interest is concerned in the will of the Prince, I leave it to your direction. I must set out with this little comforter: change of place is necessary to keep me in my senses. After kissing the remains of his dear friend, and bathing him with tears, he departed.

I found by Le Fleur, it was rumoured in the palace, that the Englishman was mad, that *no* corpse had been ever kept at Naples so long. I believe some of the domestics were impatient for their legacies. I regarded them not, watched by my friend, being determined before

I saw

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I saw a change take place, not to permit the last offices to be done. I was rewarded for my trouble; at the end of the third day his breath appeared on a glass! judge of our joy!—my care, attention, and tenderness (under God) has restored him to my wishes! I am convinced numbers of people are buried alive; or that their death is often premature, by the selfish disposition of hireling nurses, to whose care the last offices are consigned by their over *delicate* friends, *fond* husbands, *affectionate* wives, or *dutiful* heirs, whose extreme self-love prevents them, under the disguise of sensibility or weak nerves, from proving the sincerity of those professions. Should we not on those occasions, remember the golden maxim, of *doing as we wish to be done to*? How unchristian it is in England, the instant a person dies, if he

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is a great man, the family leave the house ; if a poor one, he is sent to the undertaker (who at his burial furnish mourners for the occasion), as if all affections, all obligations, were to end with the last breath of the party.

Thank God, my dear Prince is now able to sit up in bed. We have not as yet acquainted him with the circumstances of his illness.

As I have been obliged to pretend sudden business obliged Lord F—— to return instantly to England, the Prince proposes going there also, before we go to Greece ; Father Piscatorri attends us. I ever am,

my dear friend,

yours faithfully,

EDWARD TRUEMAN.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

From Lady FILMER, to Lady BRUCE.

DEAR MADAM,

LADY Dacres behaved in such an exemplary manner before her lying-in, that I began to form great hopes of her ; her Lord even appeared affected by her condescension, wild as he is : he is much delighted with his little son ; and the duke, his father, is distractedly fond of him.

But, notwithstanding she is much troubled with the redundancy of milk which nature has supplied for the nourishment of the child, I found, to my great surprize, she had laid aside all thoughts of nursing her son. Thus,

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was she no longer sensible of being a mother, than when she was with child; and that over, the duties, and almost the very name, is quite forgot, and the child was dismissed to a distant chamber. If the object of her affection is thus discarded, what more could be done to that of her hatred? Indolently stretched in a bed of state, she shewed no consciousness of being a mother; and without the least concern, told me, she had given it to a nurse; these things were only for the vulgar, or for those whose circumstances required it; as if the feeling of humanity were interdicted to the great: without recollecting the dangers to which the little creature is exposed in the hands of a mercenary hireling, and *her blood, perhaps, none of the purest, will be incorporated with his*; is it not from that suspicious

ous

ous blood the child is to receive a kind of new formation*?

The duke is laid up with the gout; as the world has been kind to him, he makes a *great deal of a little pain*, for want of stronger exercises to his patience; and so he is a sufferer by self-indulgence. My dear Sir John, you know, is in a declining state of health. Moderation, and a proper regimen in food, indulgence, and exercise, appear to him the remedies likely to repair the disorders of nature. My mind, I hope, by the grace of God, is capable of bearing any thing that it pleases him to afflict me with. Yet, my dear friend, the uneasiness, the anxiety, the heart-

* The Countess of Lincoln, who lived in the time of King James I. wrote a small tract, entitled, *The Countess of Lincoln's Nursery, on the advantages of mother's nursing their own children.*

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rending fears I suffer for my dear husband, are incommunicable. Heaven spare his life, and afflict me in some other way. But, why do I pray? Am I sure that either my mind, or my wishes, are in such a state of resignation and purity, as to merit concessions from Heaven! Hope and submission are our sole resources; happiness and misery, the distributions of a Being accountable to himself alone. The affection this best of men has inspired me with, is a composition of tender friendship, of confidence, and respect, sentiments which are become to me as it were necessary to my existence. Every day I think they are arrived at their utmost perfection, and every hour I perceive them increase.

I have prevailed on him to relinquish his seat in parliament, and to live more
in

in the country, where I think he will be more at his ease. As we are *all* one family, united in the closest bonds of affection, Lady Harriet and Edward insisted on our living all together. Upon their marriage, Sir John settled on them four thousand a year. The town-house is theirs, the country one ours : Lady Harriet says, she could not exist without her dear mama ; and her dear mama, the truth of the matter is, could not be very happy absent from her.

Lady Julia A——, sister to Lord Dacres, has married Mr. Finlay, a gentleman of a profession, but of a good family ; his elder brother is entitled to a peerage ; he has himself a genteel moderate fortune. The Duke at present will not see her ; his having almost compelled her to marry the Marquis de Lambert, drove her to this step. Mr. Finlay is

worthy amiable man ; humanity is his principal characteristic. How far he may succeed in his profession is dubious ; this is not the age for men of merit receiving the suffrage of the world. I believe you never saw Lady Julia. Her features are not so regular, as they are perfectly well marked ; she has an ingenuous countenance, an arch look, a decisive manner, wit, vivacity, an accomplished education, much sensibility, and great acuteness. With the most refined sentiment, she possesses the softest sensibility, and it lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Always unassuming, yet never ashamed, nor awkward ; for shame and awkwardness are the effects of pride, which is too often miscalled modesty. But Lady Julia, to the most critical discernment, adds something of a blushing timidity, which serves but to
give



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give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, one admirable effect of true superiority ! By this silent and unassuming merit she over-awes the turbulent and the proud, and stops the torrent of that indecent mirth, and overbearing noise with which inferior natures (though often) in superior stations, overwhelm the slavish and the mean.

I am sorry to acquaint you, the amiable Lady H—— is no more : she died at Vienna ; Lord H—— is inconsolable, and Lord Chester has written Sir John a very affecting letter on this subject. He was himself dangerously ill : Lady H—— nursed and attended him with the utmost care and affection, above what her strength could enable her to bear, and which they were apprehensive had precipitated her death.

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Lord F——is just arrived. I cannot write long at present, as I do not (but for a little while at a time) absent myself from Sir John.

Your's affectionately,

AMELIA FILMER.

L E T T E R XLIX.

From the Same, to the Same.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE I wrote last, we have received the melancholy accounts of Lord Chester's death. Lord F—— is a very agreeable, sensible man : he has presented each of his sisters with ten thousand pounds. He is quite charmed with my Harriet, and with seeing her employed about her little girl, and his
little

little Lady Eliza, who is a very fine child; as I think this scene affects his spirits too much, I have endeavoured to persuade him to go more to Lord Dacres, but the uneasiness, he says, he observes in that family, is too much for his present weak spirits.

Lady Dacres is reputed to have a great deal of wit, and is so very generous, as to let all her acquaintances partake of it, by omitting no opportunity of displaying it. She has been universally admired, and is quite giddy. I sincerely believe she is only influenced by the love of dissipation and admiration. She may, however, give up that reputation to a *crowd*, which she does not trust to a *single person*; and, it is even possible, in the situation she is in, to lose her character with the greatest innocence of heart, and to be censured without deserving it. She has committed great

imprudencies ; and, at a time when her Lord's affections were returning to her. The world's approbation of her beauty flattered his taste, and confirmed it ; but when he found her censured, his pride was alarmed ; he, therefore, with the refined delicacy of Julius Cæsar, found her guilty, merely because she was suspected. Lord F—— spoke to her on this subject : as she had taken care never to afford him an opportunity in private, he was obliged to talk to her before me, and Mr. Druce, who stills live with Lord Dacres : as the conversation amused me, I will endeavour to recollect it.

“ Believe me, my dear sister, said Lord F——, you will lose in the esteem of the wise and good, what you gain in the applause of the fashionable world, by acting agreeable to its depraved customs. If women were but sensible of
their

their own interests, they would know how much modesty, decency, and propriety embellish them, and heighten all their charms. How much do those amiable qualities enliven, and add to every enjoyment : that one single virtue in woman, *modesty*, balances the most shining accomplishments that are found in men.

“ In coquetry, continued he, a woman has every thing to lose, and a man nothing ; custom, whose decisions are not to be disputed, has so ordered it, that what is *folly* and *rashness* in her, is only *fire*, *spirit*, and *gallantry* in him. No age ever erected *altars to insignificant Gods* ; they had all some quality assigned them, to draw worship from mankind. Does not this make it more unreasonable for woman to expect to be *considered*, and at the same time resolve

solve not to *deserve* it. Good looks will not do, they are not of such a lasting *tenure* as to be relied upon."

"Brother, answered Lady Dacres, as I am not learned like your favourite Harriet, I cannot tell you what *would*, or *would not* do, at Athens or Rome; but if you speak concerning Great Britain, custom is not on the side of your argument; and, I think, Mr. Druce, you once told me of a man, who * was punished by the loss of his sight for his invective against Helen, but recovered it on his praising her in recantation."

This gentleman, I suppose deemed it politeness to take the lady's part; he therefore, bowed, and said, "Mr. Dryden also, who knew human nature per-

* Stesichorus.

haps as well as any man whoever studied it (pardon me my Lord), has given us a just picture of the force of female charms, in the story of Cymon and Iphigenia. He paints in Cymon, you know, a soul buried in a confusion of ideas, informed with so little fire, as scarce to struggle under the load, or afford any glimmering of sense. In this condition, he represents him struck with the rays of Iphigenia's beauty: kindled by them, his mind exerts its powers, and that uncouth ferocity of manners, by which he had been hitherto distinguished, gave way to an obliging behaviour, the natural effects of love."

Lady Dacres thanked him for this observation, and then addressing Lord F—— said, " Mr. Druce is much in the right: we pretty women, (as they

they say of horses) are powerful creatures if we knew our own strength. Beauty performs every thing for a woman in London. The sciences of dress and address are all the qualifications necessary for a woman of fashion.—You know, my Lord, Hudibras quaintly remarks,

No argument like matter of fact is.

What you sober gentry condemn in women as defects, are the very things which make them appear amiable; should we leave off certain peccadilloes, on account of which the men continually rally us, nothing could be more insipid than our conversation. While I am a mortal, I shall certainly say and do a thousand foolish things; it is the privilege of human nature, and I shall insist on my claim; my pretensions are evident and indisputable, and I am sure you have
not

not the conscience to desire me to be infallible, and free from mistakes, both of opinion and practice. I am not to learn however, that modesty, meekness, and humility are qualities of which men are mighty fond of in women. But in reality, you only judge our hearts by your own; and, consequently, paint us so absurd and ridiculous. The men, these lords of the universe, who pretend to so much fortitude and greatness of mind, *are* incapable of making any resistance to their capricious passions, or to the slightest impression of their senses. Whereas when women are determined to be great, they are so in every thing, possessing true and real fortitude."

Lord F—— told her, that he believed indeed vanity not only secured women's honour, but would render them heroines of the first order. "And pray, brother, answered

answered she, does not vanity frequently make a man *honest*, who has every disposition proper to form a *knave*? I believe we are pretty much upon a par; with this difference, our follies are not so detrimental to society. Is not the man who gives up all his ease, sacrificing all his time to the satisfying a restless ambition, and the grasping of power, just on the same footing with the woman, who makes it her study to display and set off her charms to gain admiration? The same love of power is the motive of both their actions; and consequently I cannot see if there is so much folly as is said in the *one*, how the *other* can be exempted from the same imputation. I always take admiration for the best proof of beauty, and beauty is the source of power, as power in all creatures is the source of happiness.

“ As

“ As to the errors this may occasion, they are few ; a dissipation of the mind is generally a safeguard of the heart. The passions which make such havock in the heart of a *sedentary woman*, glance only upon *ours* : *their* keenness is blunted by dissipation, and *our* hearts almost impenetrable to any tender impression. Whereas in select cotteries, a woman without an attachment, is not only looked upon as dull and as insignificant in her own person, but as an impertinent censurer on others : why is this ? because dullness, my good Lord, proceeds from an evenness in the temper, a constancy in our connexions, a solidity in our tastes, a monotony, in short, which gives a sleepiness to pleasure itself ; while levity, caprice, and coquetry keep it awake. The present mode does not oblige us to love our husbands, and to do

do them justice (in general), they are not so unreasonable as to desire or expect it. It is true I love cards—but I can afford to lose my money. Husbands and brothers, instead of declaiming against this amusement, should recommend it to their wives and sisters.—The Roman orator *, (what do you call him) has left a treatise against perturbations; but Mr. Hoyle, in my opinion, has published a better for counteracting sensibility. For whoever engages in the pursuits this philosopher recommends, enjoys a state of most blessed insensibility.”

Lord F——, although he could hardly refrain from smiling, told her he regretted much that she had 800*l.* a year pin-money—as she seemed to think herself entitled to throw it away as she pleased.

• Tully.

I suppose, said he, you remember what the poet says,

The love of gaming is the worst of ills,
With ceaseless storms the black'ned soul it fills.
Inveighs at heav'n, neglects the ties of blood ;
Destroys the pow'r and will of doing good.
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
And what is still more dreadful, spoils your face.

Lady Dacres repeated the lines, and then said, shaking her head, “ *Gold* indeed, is said to be a great auxiliary against the virtue of women ; but really, when their opulent husbands sell daily their integrity *for it*, why should we not worship the same *deity*, and sacrifice our honour to him ? The avarice of a wife only injures *one man*, when the villainy of that man may endanger the whole *community*.

“ Can those vices which are execrated in a woman, become the ornament of a man ? If those acts are dishonourable

and would be a disgrace in her circumscribed sphere, where their influence is only merely local—do they become less culpable in proportion as their effects are *extensively diffused*?”

Lord F—— intreated her to be serious, only for half an hour: “Dear sister, said he, what delight can you take in a society you must despise?” “What is generally called *sense*, replied she, has very little to do with what men *think*; where self is at all concerned, inclination steps in, and will not give the judgment fair play. Thus, I can argue *for*, or *against* any thing; and after all, my wise brother, we shall both continue to to act as we like. But I had the honour to tell you before, which I now repeat, I like *play*, and can *afford it*; I am *handsome*, it pleases me to be *adored*. Thirdly, and lastly, I cannot please Lord
Dacres,

Dacres, therefore do *not love him.*" Mr. Druce here thought it decent to retire, (she had said all the above in his presence.) " It is, (continued she) for the most part the fault of the husbands themselves, if they are not beloved. A woman of the world, may surely be allowed some privileges, where a man openly boasts of his ; unless husbands have a patent for their errors ? If they have, let them show it, and we will be silent : if they have not, why should they so preposterously monopolize all the *vices*, and still lay claim to all the *virtues* of the species ?" Lord F—— told her she must be sensible, he could have no other motive to urge such home-felt truths, but her advantage : that her passing so much of her time at cards, with old beldames, and powdered puppies, would drive him, were he her

husband, to madness. She answered (with some heat), the company she kept, were the best in town ; that as for the men, as she had not the power of creation, she must take them as they were. “ But, my Lord, said she, I think I have *already* afforded you sufficient proofs of my patience. I am convinced the person who will bear *much*, will always have *much to bear*. We can make people allow *for* us, and respect us as we please ; if we can be but steady and determined in our own wills, and set out accordingly. It is being the less beloved for it, added she, that is all ; and, if we have power to oblige those we have connections with, it will not appear to *us* that we are less beloved. As the *capacity* of doing good actions, renders a rich man equally revered and carested, as if he *exerted* it. How commonly

monly do we hear said, such a thing my Lady —— makes a rule of, or it is her way, or you would not venture to talk thus to her Grace! Be assured, my dear brother, that I knew perfectly well what I was about, when I married Lord Dacres, and am perfectly sensible of my own consequence. That foolish girl Lady Julia Finlay, from the subordinate station she has chosen for herself, dares not do the hundredth part of the fooleries I shall be applauded for." The Duke had never before any one of his family married to men of professions; his uncle was a merchant; and, there is no concealing the disgrace, he traded to all parts of the world.

When we were taking our leave, Lord Dacres entered the room, and acquainted us, that he had just received an express, that the Duke had expired that

morning of an apoplexy. Lord F—— lamented to me, in the strongest terms, his sister's conduct and want of feeling. "She appears to me, said he, to think she fulfils all the duties which society can require of her, if she has not been deficient in returning visits, in the payment of compliments, or the observance of the drawing-room ceremonies. She substitutes an affectation of ease for politeness, a passion for every whimsical fashion for taste, and extravagance for grandeur.

"Oh! Madam, continued he, what a different character did I once flatter myself to have introduced to your Ladyship! but she is gone for ever, and with her all the graces of her sex." This put me in mind of Guarini's burying the Muses with his mistress.

Piange Parnasso, e piaguerian le Muse;
Ma qui tace son elle, e morte e chiusa.

But

L E T T E R X L I X. 119

But why may not ingenious fictions
be made use of in prose as well as verse?
I recollect Catullus says of a great beauty,
“ she alone has possessed herself of all
the Graces.”

I ever am, my dear Madam,
your affectionate
humble servant,

AMELIA FILMER.

L E T T E R X L I X.

From Lady HARRIET FILMER, to
Lady JULIA FINLAY.

DEAR JULIA,

I Sincerely wish you that happiness,
which none can deserve more than
yourself; and make no doubt but Mr.
Finlay's good sense, and tenderness for

you, will compensate for those many advantages in point of rank and fortune you have sacrificed for him.

I am sure, my dear Julia, none has a more cultivated understanding, or a better heart than yourself ; but you are now called upon to exert it. I have considered your situation thoroughly, and cannot help trembling for you. The part you have to act, is, indeed, a very difficult one.

As Mr. Finlay chuses to improve his fortune, by settling in London, I hope his views will be answered. A wife must never dictate a situation for a husband ; it is undoubtedly your duty to conform yourself to him. Yet as your fortune is sufficient for you to live genteely on his estate in the country, I cannot help regretting, the tranquility
a country

a country life might have afforded you, in the society of a sensible man. I do not, my dear Julia, mean to intimidate (but only to caution) you.

I hope you will not set out upon too high a plan ; as, if your hopes are not fully answered, you will be hurt to *lessen* your expences, whereas nothing is more easy than to *enlarge* them. I insist more upon this particular, because I am much afraid, you have little to expect from the assistance of near relations ; on the contrary, my greatest fear is, they will hurt you essentially, and even your husband in his profession ; this you may possibly smile at, and answer, *perhaps with the ignorant* ; but his character is too well known, and is superior to such malice. All this, my dear Julia, is very true ; but if your husband's practice is to be confined to the *judicious* and discerning

cerning few, it will never very much enrich his family.

Ninety-nine people in a hundred do not enter into the reason of things, and when mistakes happen between *great* and *small*, or *middling* people, the world generally grant their suffrage to the most exalted. "Like the dew of Heaven, their favour lights most on the most conspicuous." Your must, my dear friend, unite in yourself the fine lady, and the frugal house-wife, and must be condescending to people in every sphere of life, in order to be of service to your husband; and after all your trouble, you will perhaps please none. As your birth (pardon me) must be a loss to Mr. Finlay in many ways, you can only make that up to him, by availing yourself of that superficial advantage, with those

those who will be silly enough to honour you upon that account.

However, to do the world justice, they are become wiser in this particular. People have too great an honour for rank, ever to fully their sublime notions of it, by uniting it with the ideas of profession, of want of exterior appearances, of splendour, &c. If you do not keep up certain connexions, you will sink beneath the character of a gentlewoman; and those who envy your rank, will be glad to depreciate you. On the contrary, people of your own rank, from an idea of your *wanting* their protection, will be *very slow* in bestowing it; for such commonly act as if there were something infectious in *middling* circumstances, which they deem *poverty*. The only way to deprive them of their consequence, is to convince them

them you are independent of them, *which you really are*. From an excess of delicacy, and a continual habit of indulging themselves in every sort of pleasure, such are not affected by the sufferings of others, and cannot enter into their views. Their sensibility is constantly employed on themselves : they are altogether unconcerned about all things besides, and their hearts are steeled against the sufferings of mankind. In proportion as this love of self increases, pity decays, and all the softer sensations become extinct.

The friendship of very fine ladies is therefore very little to be regarded, it is seldom more than *Ranelagh deep*. The *flippante* of both sexes may think otherwise ; but, in my opinion, real worth and companionable qualities are most generally found in middle life, where
people

people are less actuated by ambition or necessity, or influenced by dissipation or œconomical attention to the minutiae of their little concerns, which souring the temper, render people selfish and unfociable.

There are few rich people in any of the polite nations, but among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons in a higher rank, often live in a kind of splendid poverty, are perpetually in want, because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvy one another in the shadows and appearances of it; while an honest mediocrity is not attended with the meanesses of poverty, or the foolish prodigality of riches. The rich being subject to pride and insolence, the poor
to

to baseness and deceit. Great wants are occasioned by great affluence, so that often the best way of getting the things we *want*, is to deprive ourselves of those we *have*.

Thus, in different situations, different characters are found; as in the animal world, we do not flood an aviary, and expect the *birds* to *swim*; or drain the ponds, and expect the *fish* to *fly*.

Those who have a true taste of conversation enjoy themselves in a communication of each other's excellencies, and not in a triumph over their imperfections. Like an industrious *bee*, sipping the *sweets*; not like the venomous *spider*, extracting a *poisonous* quality.

A sensible woman, in admiring the arrangements of Providence, and the application of wisdom in adapting people to their respective circumstances in life, will

will endeavour to improve herself, by gaining information from each person in their proper sphere, by which she will afford them an opportunity of displaying their peculiar excellencies.

A Lady well known in the literary world, was so much directed by this maxim, that the only discourse she afforded me, was the beauties of my dress. “ I suppose your Ladyship, said she, purchased that cap at——.” I make no doubt she was in her own mind deploring *my folly*, while I confess I was reflecting, by her appearance, that the intense exertion of thought necessary for the discussion of abstruse subjects, is no way favourable for the preservation of beauty. Thus contempt among mankind, like action and re-action in solid bodies, is always reciprocal and equal; whoever despises his company, may be assured

assured he is not less despised by them. But to return to what I was saying, in opposition to those who can improve themselves by almost *all*, if they talk to them on those subjects on which they best understand; how injudicious and cruel is it, by dragging people out of their own way of life, where they must ever appear to the best advantage, to give them occasion to blush at their ignorance in *one thing* (superficial manners), while we are conscious they excel us in *many* more substantial attainments? When Minerva wanted to enterprize any action, she brings Ulysses on the stage; when she designs to break a truce, Pandarus is for her purpose: when the Trojans are to be routed, Diomedes is employed: Diomedes was valiant, Pandarus a good archer, and Ulysses eloquent. In
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the same manner, my dear Julia, although you must necessarily know a variety of people, yet one lady may chaperon you, a second may direct your taste, and a third may instruct you in domestic œconomy. The discretion of a person is often seen in minuteness; as there is but one Lady Filmer in the world, it is seldom that all qualifications meet in the same person.

“ A tolerable judgment (says an elegant § author) upon the different characters of mankind, may help us to work some useful end, even out of the worst and meanest; and, as to the evils and goods of life, a religious sense of them will be found to be the only true philosophic one. To consider the first as a reprobation of our faults, and so a-

§ Letters between Frances and Henry.

mend; and the latter, as a reward of our virtues, and so persevere.

I have hitherto availed myself of our friendship, in throwing out my ideas on paper as they spontaneously arise, without connection or method; I know you will take every thing in the sense I mean it: you are not ignorant how tenderly I love you, therefore I must, as you desire it, acquaint you with my real sentiments. Moral beauty is nearly the same kind of ornament to our actions, as dress to our bodies; and, it is equally necessary to model our conduct in conformity to the prejudices of those we connect ourselves with, as to avoid particularities in our dress. The renowned Mr. Klim, finding himself taken for a monster in Martinia, because he had no tail, presently accommodated himself to the mode of the country, and avoided farther censure. A
man

man whose address is peculiar, and his ideas not liberal, should, like the moving statue of Dedalus, be fixed to his native soil, since he is no where in his proper place, but among those who are like himself. You, my dear Julia, have happily an accommodating temper, and can make yourself agreeable to all whom it may be your lot to shew attention to.

Mr. Sterne used to say of the French politeness, that it might be compared to a smooth coin, it had lost all mark of character; and Lady Filmer has often regretted the most unhappy effect which common politeness produces, is to teach us the art of making no account of the virtues we imitate. Let us, said she, in our education be inspired with humanity and benevolence, and we shall by this means learn politeness, or have no far-

ther need of it. Agreeable to this, you have derived all your outward graces from your inward goodness, which is the basis of society, of virtue, of happiness, of every thing that is valuable. You will, I am certain, encourage by your affability the timid, and will use every winning attention (particularly in your own house), to bring to the line of equality (which is ever necessary for the ease of our guests) those whose sensibility have placed them below it, and will temper your wit with all the delicacy that can sooth an unhappy mind, which unguarded mirth will inevitably disgust.

The most agreeable raillery in nature gives offence, if it advances a step *too far*; so easy is the transition from one to the other. The person you attack has the sole right of judging whether you are in jest or no; and the moment that he takes offence,

offence, it ceases to be raillery; it is a downright affront. It should never be used but with regard to failings of so little consequence, that the person concerned may be merry on the subject himself.

Nice raillery is a decent mixture of praise and reproach; it touches slightly upon *little failings*, only to dwell the more upon *great qualities*. The reproaches of wit are like the corrodings of *Aqua fortis*, they engrave and indent characters never to be effaced; a dull reproach quickly vanishes, but when it is steeled with wit, it pierces deep.

Though you will pay a proper respect to persons of rank, it will not lead you to overlook the rest of the company; your own pride even calls upon you to be indiscriminate in your attentions to those you have invited, or receive at your house.

Among intimate friends, good breeding is equally necessary; yet to such, there is a neglect that is flattering, and an attention that is mortifying; and the same expression which would be a compliment to a stranger, addressed to the friend of one's heart, would wound her sensibility, and wring her soul. She that is truly polite, will know how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation, and will be equally remote from a low familiarity, and an insipid complaisance. We all should (and you in particular, my dear friend) be careful in not making enemies. Most of our friends do us neither good nor harm, but the least of our enemies can hurt us; *all* are able to do mischief. Experience daily shews, that many whose malice has long, by circumstances, been prevented, have at last made themselves felt when
oppor-

opportunity offered. It is, therefore, more prudent to be reconciled to a little enemy than to procure a mighty friend. But we need not carry the matter so far as a nobleman mentioned by Selden, who having been instructed to the above effect by his tutor, answered, "I have constantly followed your advice, even as to the devil himself; and, therefore hope, that his infernal majesty will treat me with civility, if I go to his court."

There are those whom I would attend in sickness, relieve in distress, or refuse any gratification to myself to serve; whom I would not parade with in public (particularly in your situation); and there are many whom I would attend in public, whose rank and respectable qualities would do me honour, whom perhaps in intellectual accomplishments I should think defective for social intercourse.

When the oracle of Apollo was asked why Jupiter was the chief of the Gods, since Mars was the best soldier? it made this answer, Mars is valiant, but Jupiter is wise.

No consideration whatever should induce you to accompany any person in public, who does not add to your dignity. You may absent yourself from inclination, but going with improper company will be construed as a sure indication of your deficiency of judgment and inattention to established rules of prudence, and must consequently excite in the world disadvantageous ideas of yourself, from the defects of your associates, either in character, obscurity, awkwardness of dress, vulgarity of manners, or unsuitable situations of life. The having *with* one, *one whom no body knows*, is a scandal as old as the days of Homer.

L E T T E R XLIX. 137

Homer *. “ There is pride in *giving* protection, but it is more prudent in *you* to receive it.” One great advantage of being placed in high life, is to patronise merit publicly, in whatever situation we find it, without hurting ourselves.

The administration of a family, and the management of servants, require every woman to have studied the springs of this interior government; and not from ignorance, or capriciousness, to have considered marriage under the false ideas of liberty, pleasure, and ceremony. It is a saying of one of the ancients, we should consider servants as unhappy friends. To be respected even by servants, it is necessary to be able to direct them, and not to be thought ignorant in those matters that it becomes a mistress of a family to know. Lady Filmer makes

* See the second *Odyssey*, ver. 175.

it a rule to receive no servant into her family, who cannot bring the most unexceptionable vouchers of their character and qualifications. Every one has a distinct province pointed out, to which he or she must attend with diligence and exactness. The second transgression is always punished by a dismissal from the service, to prevent the trouble of watching suspiciously over people of doubtful honesty. In her family management, she says, she has always found it right, as well in policy as generosity, to repose a trust in servants : not to seem to expect, or depend upon justice from them, is tacitly giving them the hint to be unjust. People low in station have often minds not fordid ; and, it is often seen, among the most ignorant of their class, a susceptibility of resentment, if their honesty has been suspected ; and many of them
will

will say, with Ursula in the Padlock, that although they value themselves upon their *honesty*, no master nor mistress should suspect them for nothing. He who will not be cheated a little, will be abused a great deal, and by that means suffer no less in his fortune than in his reputation; our first lesson, therefore, in the art of œconomy, should ever be to learn how to permit ourselves to be properly imposed on, in due proportion to our situation and circumstances.

Now, my dear friend, I have written to you every thing that occurs to me. In regard to your duties of a wife, I can say nothing: the endearing connection I have formed with the most amiable of his sex, incapacitates me from giving a judgment of others. I look upon all men as a distinct species from my Edward. But an account I have read of
the

the Jesuits, I think may be applied to this subject. Signor Martinelli acquaints us, they are exceedingly attentive to shew themselves to one another in the most amiable light; and the polite behaviour of the first day is uniformly kept up during the many years they continue together. This complaisance, at first only apparent, improves into a solid harmony, which their enemies who have any feeling, allow them as the corner-stone of that superior reputation, by which they have eclipsed all other orders.

I need not tell you, my dear Julia, I shall do every thing in my power, to effect a reconciliation; but you know I have very little to say with the Dukes, whose conduct seriously grieves me. And my opinion is, that unless your relations serve Mr. Finlay professionally, it is more for your interest to have no connexion

connexion with them; for then there will be an ostensible reason for their neglect of him, which their false pride makes me suspect will be the case. If near relations are not our *dearest friends*, they are our *bitterest enemies*. To be truly just, it is not enough that we ourselves do no wrong to our fellow-creatures; we ought also, as far as we are able, to repel the attempts made by others to their prejudice, and to shelter and protect our friends. If we neglect this, we are unjust; and though we may be exempt from the cognizance of human laws; though we feel no remorse of conscience, for having abandoned those who had a right to our protection; yet, we must not flatter ourselves, that he, whose impartial eye traces through every subterfuge, will suffer it to go unpunished, for having neglected our duty to
society,

society, and acted in opposition to the dictates of reason and religion.

With best wishes and congratulations to Mr. Finlay, who in my estimation is the happiest of mankind,

I remain ever,

my dear Julia,

your affectionate friend,

HARRIET FILMER.

L E T T E R L.

From the Duchesse de CRUI, to Mrs.
PIERPONT.

DEAR MADAM,

YOU cannot deny I have been very diligent in obeying your commands; and I now think it is high time to in-force to you a subject, I have much at heart.

heart. I hope you know I am far from indelicacy; but I am convinced it is very possible to refine away our happiness, which sometimes by extremity of refinement dwindles into anxiety and disquiet. It is very possible for sentiments to be too fine drawn. You have acknowledged, it required efforts on your part to surmount your affections for Lord Chester. You cannot say he ever failed in his respects to you. If your fortune is lessened, he has a noble one to lay at your feet. Why then will you not see him, at least to make him sensible of his offence? In this, my dear friend, you have departed from common justice; and if you continue in this resolution, you will be worse than a barbarian. How capricious is the human heart? When you *may be* happy, you *will not*.

Were

Were you indeed to marry a man of small fortune, the interests of your children might interfere; but you cannot serve them more effectually, than by connecting yourself with Lord Chester. You will be able, by that means, to introduce your lively Fanny, and your timid Lucinda, into life, with great advantage. And as to the promotion of your son in the world, interest will be all you will have to depend upon; for, young as he is, it is easy to see his merits will be such, as will not help him to rise in modern times.

I think I hear you exclaim here, what has your favourite Julia done, to be excluded from your remembrance? I must now let you into a secret, which I have only been mistress of myself half an hour. De Sols and your fly girl have exchanged mutual vows; the Duke discovered

covered it by a letter, I was transported, but concealed my joy, to see in what manner the Duke would take it. He soon relieved my anxiety by saying, if the lovely girl had the tenth part of your qualifications, he would prefer her to the greatest match in the kingdom. I can recollect my father's conduct, added this best of men; and that the result of his indulgence has rendered my whole life a scene of continued joy, complacency, and affection. I could only take my beloved Lord in my arms, the tide of joy was too great for utterance. May your daughter be equally happy with my son, as I have been with his father; the best, the worthiest of mankind, from whom I never received the smallest uneasiness. His every action in life having demanded my respect, and admiration; while his domestic virtues,

humanity to all, and unalterable affection to me, incline me often to view him as a superior being. Good husbands, they say, are like the philosopher's stone, all the world seek for it, but few boast of finding it! In my dear Lord, I have found every thing.

All minds are not worthy to undergo the trial of affliction, and it was necessary Providence should consider the weakness of mine. But I believe trials are sometimes necessary to make one support one's self with some degree of outward fortitude. I am out of humour with you, and am so much favoured by fortune, that I cannot suffer the smallest contradiction. Give me leave then, upon our long friendship, and the endearing connection which will soon take place in our families, to intreat you to give Lord Chester a hearing. If you think positively
you

you cannot see him with propriety, I expect you will disclose your reasons for it; *mistakes* and *prejudices* make nine parts in ten, in all the *differences* that *plague* and *divide* mankind. Unfeeling obduracy is the vice only of the old, whose sensibility has been worn out, by reiterated wrongs.

Lord Chester came in a little time ago, saw me writing, asked if to you, I answered yes—he conjured me not to stop, to say every thing in his favour! I told him, I was desirous of being better informed before I wrote; that he must therefore acquaint me with the grounds of your displeasure, as I was persuaded your good sense was such, that it could not be a small offence that could render you so obdurate. “I am fearful, said I, the violence of your passion for Mrs. Pierpont had made you, at some time, forgetful of the respect due to her.” “Let me perish,

madam, said he, if ever, even in thought, I could offend her. I once indeed, disclosed my passion; but it was under such particular circumstances, that I must have been more than man, had I restrained myself; I also then told her the fixed purposes of my soul, never to change my condition; but I was soon silenced. She told me, she could not be sufficiently humbled by my address, for as she considered me as a man of sense and honour, she must suppose, some strange levity in her conduct, of which she was ignorant, could alone induce me to fully her ears, by a language unsuitable to her present state.

“ Women of virtue accompany their words with an air, which bespeaks an immediate and absolute obedience. Every passion and sentiment is mimicked, so is the tone of virtue; but the attentive

tentive spectator discerns soon the buffoon from the real actor. Mrs. Pierpont soon after carefully avoided me, when *it* depended upon *herself*; shall I acknowledge *that alone* afforded me hopes I was not indifferent to her? She has expressly forbid my visits: as I am ignorant of my fault, I can make no excuses, as such must ever be esteemed tacit confessions; nor can I remain silent, for that would be subscribing to the justice of her contempt."

I shall only add, I am so well acquainted with love and his Lordship, that I believe nobody is able to alter his love or advise his reason; the one being as *unalterable*, as the other is *infallible*. The miseries occasioned by this passion, excite my pity more than any others; so true it is, we compassionate most from sympathy, and never feel so sensibly for

others, as when we have experienced the same kind of evil ourselves.

I shall wait your answer to this with impatience; if propitious, we shall soon be with you. De Sols is impatient to see his lovely Julia. I am truly,

yours,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

L E T T E R L I.

From Mrs. PIERPONT, to the Duchess
DE CRUI,

DEAR MADAM,

I Received the honour of your Highness's letter, and cannot sufficiently express my joy and acknowledgments to you and the Duke, in favouring the Prince's passion for my girl. This
honour

honour was more agreeable to me from being unexpected. I shall break the happy tidings to her by degrees.

It is true, I formerly acquainted your Highness with all my weakness for Lord Chester. Our inclinations and tempers vary according to the variation of circumstances, times, places; and every sensible person will readily agree, that a material change in matters of importance, will fully justify a change in our sentiments. To lose the friendship and esteem we have for a person, is always, to a good heart, to lose a fertile source of pleasure; and I may venture to add, that the human soul is perhaps susceptible of no pain more severe than that which arises from a necessity of despising the object of our tenderest affections. Such I fairly own to you,

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my dear Duchefs, is the cafe of your unhappy friend.

My husband, on his death-bed, at a time, when I must deem his veracity unquestionable, acquainted me, it was Lord Chester who had introduced him to Mademoiselle de Fleur, (the woman he kept) and had prevailed on him to be so extravagant on her account, that his own family, notwithstanding his large fortune, often wanted necessaries. He then added, " This, madam, is not your only obligation to his Lordship; it was he who inspired me with a love of play." This passion increased so much upon him, that his whole fortune, I mean his paternal estate, fell a sacrifice to it, except my jointure, that he could not touch, and which had been settled at our marriage, before Sir Timothy Upton had left him his great estate. I
need

need not acquaint your Highness, that a mind capable of entertaining the detested vice of gaming, is seldom or ever conquered by reason. I was condemned often to practise self-denial, in what was perhaps necessary for my health, to save a guinea, while my husband was paying a debt of a thousand, incurred by the winning cards being in the hands of his next neighbour.

Many were the mortifications these two vices of Mr. Pierpont occasioned me. My state in many respects was (a painful one) like that of the idols, who have eyes and yet see not, and though they have ears do not hear. But I considered it as our duty to suffer as well as to act.

Your Highness will now subscribe to the justness of my resentment; I shall
never

never give my children a father-in-law, whom they may justly consider as the cause of their father's vices, and consequently the loss of their fortune. His Lordship's fortune, rank, and interest, undoubtedly might be of service to them. But as I have ever made it a rule, never to *indulge* myself at their *expence*, I am justified to myself in not *sacrificing* myself for their *advantage*.

I aspire not at the vain-glory of distinguishing myself, by an affectation of disinterestedness against nature. Men do not prefer, through taste, labour to rest, indigence to affluence, slavery to liberty. I aim not at *chimerical virtues*; but circumstances do not permit us always to adopt general maxims, and often impose on us particular obligations.

Now,

Now, my dear friend, can you ask me again to see Lord Chester? Indeed, indeed, I cannot, I must not see him. I know too well, however great may be the faults of a person truly beloved, the moment we hear him plead, he is justified; I will not trust my weak heart. Your Highness may recollect what a French dramatic poet makes a confident of the Sultana say, upon her having vowed the death of Bajazet, and yet still being desirous of seeing him, that she might upbraid him.

*Je connois peu l'amour, mais je puis vous re-
pondre,*

*Qu'il ne'est pas condamne puis qu'on veut le con-
fondre.*

We may hate, we may despise, but if we have once loved the object, he will occupy our thoughts. The Italians you know say,

In van si suage, quel che nel cor si porta !

I blush

I blush while I shew this weakness; but is there not some merit in owning a truth when it makes against us; and is there not some force of mind required to shew some sorts of weakness; I think it is Rochfoucaut, who says, “ *La même fermete qui sert a resister a l’amour sert aussi quelques fois a le rendre violent, et durable.*”

I entered into life with the full prepossession that, of all satisfactions, to love and be beloved was the greatest. To enjoy this felicity, I thought no unreasonable desire: my youth rendered me sanguine, and I was chagrined at being disappointed of a happiness my heart seemed to be formed for.

Our discontent generally proceeds from vanity and self-love: we first imagine ourselves deserving of a large share of happiness, and then murmur because we
do

do not possess it. The way to contentment lies through humility. I at last began to reflect how unworthy I was, and learned to humble myself; and acknowledge with ingenuousness, that I was already favoured beyond my deserts.

I looked around, and beheld intrinsic merit bending beneath the yoke of affliction, yet lifting up an eye of meek submission, and serene content. I regained my tranquillity, and my firm belief is, that every one is as happy as they deserve to be.

I might have been supremely happy in joining my destiny with that of Lord Chester's, had he been the character I once thought him; but there are now invincible obstacles between us. If the extreme violence of the passion of love is admitted as an excuse, for a sex who are encouraged, by their education and natural

tural boldness, never to curb their passions, and to sacrifice every thing to the pleasure of indulging them; modesty and that moderation required of ours, preclude us from all claim to the like indulgence.

But is it not, my dear friend, an unequal conflict, where conquest is expected from the more weak and timid? He knows well the esteem I had once for him; his respectful behaviour, (after the declaration he had made) induced me the more readily to forgive his almost continual presence, until at last some well-meaning people intimated to me that I must be cautious in my conduct, that the world observed Lord Chester's partiality, &c.

There are some points your Highness knows of so delicate a nature, that it is a kind of dishonour to have a vindication

tion of one's self from them appear necessary. I took these friends advice in good part, but did not follow it. To hide when there is no body to seek, is rather a dull pastime; but to conceal what people's sagacity will predetermine them to discover, is still worse. To disguise a solid, a firm, and a lasting friendship (as I thought it would be then) under the mask of indifference and distance, was a meanness of which I had no idea; it would have been a sin against ingenuity to conceal any sentiment of my heart.

The first step towards vice, is to introduce a mystery into innocent actions; and whoever loves to keep himself concealed, has sooner or later reason to do so. One precept of morality may stand for all the rest; "Never let us do or say any thing which we would be ashamed of every one's seeing or hearing."

Lord

Lord Chester has cost me many tears ; but as I have nothing to reproach myself with, I fear nothing but the testimony of my conscience, in the tranquility of which I am at peace.

I beg your Highness will present my humble and best thanks to the Duke, for the good opinion he expressed of me. I love you, my dear friend, in proportion to your merit; this, in my opinion, is the strongest expression I can use.

I have the honour to be

your Highness's faithful
and affectionate servant,

ANNA PIERPONT.

L E T T E R LII.

From the Duchefs de CRUI, to the
Duke DE CRUI.

MY DEAR LORD,

Liege.

WE arrived here yesterday at one o'clock : I left Lord Chester at the inn ; and De Sols and I, to the great surprize of my amiable friend, entered her dressing-room. She saluted me most tenderly, and looked loveliness itself. But the eye of friendship could discern in her countenance the traces of an anxiety and sorrow, which I imputed to the uneasiness she must have suffered in the part she had acted in regard to Lord Chester. Although highly pleased to see me, and rejoiced on her daughter's

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ter's

ter's account, yet she only bestowed on me that unmeaning involuntary smile, which may escape from grief itself.

Her amiable young ones fluttered round me, as if I had been their common parent. My lovely Julia was transported when she saw me; she cried with joy. I thanked her, and said I hoped she would for the future bestow a little of that tenderness and sensibility on De Sols, whom his father had permitted to try to gain her affections. What answer, my Lord, do you think this amiable girl made me? She kneeled down, kissed my hand, and said as well as her tears would permit her—"Thank you a thousand times, sweet, dear Duchess, I think I love you more than the Prince himself." Then with the utmost innocence added "Where is the Prince?" I answered, he had been told
she

She was in the garden, and was gone in quest of her.—She hurried from us to go to him. Mrs. Pierpont expressed her joy at her girl's good fortune, being a match, which, in her present circumstances, exceeds so much what she could have expected for her.

After some introductory discourse, I acquainted her Lord Chester was at the hotel, as also two people, whose testimony alone, he judged necessary to efface her prejudices against him.

When she half-consenting, I sent Lebrune with a note I had ready prepared for Lord Chester. In ten minutes I was called out; when, after returning, and preparing her for the interview, I introduced his Lordship. It was, as I had apprehended, too much for Mrs. Pierpont's spirits; she swooned away. Upon coming to herself, he declared in

the most solemn manner, he had never seen Mademoiselle de Fleurs before her letter to me ; since which, he had found her out, and prevailed on her to accompany him there : that he had never been in the gaming-house which Mr. Pierpont had frequented, though often urged to it by him : that gaming was a vice he detested, and defied all mankind to produce a single evidence of the contrary for twenty years backward. “ Before that time I was addicted to it (said he) ; but when I reflected on the tumult of passions, the agitations of hopes, fears, fury, and sometimes despair, which a man is subject to, while perhaps his fate is depending on a lucky cast of the dice, or the change of a single card, I considered my circumstances were such as exempted me from the influences of these passions ; and it would be the
greatest

greatest impotence of mind, to tempt fortune to withdraw her kindness from me; and resolved to assume dispositions more benevolent, to prosecute enjoyments more rational, to court pleasure less fatiguing, and a satisfaction less precarious." Lord Chester then appealed to my friend, if he had ever failed in his respect to her, and whether his conduct did not deserve some pity.

He then begged leave to introduce his witnesses.

But what was the surprize of Mrs. Pierpont, to behold in Mademoiselle de Fleurs, a girl she had educated, and had taken from distressed parents! This young woman, five years before her husband's death, had gone to see her friends in Cumberland; from whence my friend had received a letter from one

of her relations that she was dead of a fever.

This fresh instance of his perfidy strengthening the others, had no bad effect on her mind. The wretched young woman threw herself at her feet, saying, with evident marks of the greatest agitation and confusion, that she could not look in the face of such injured excellence, knowing her own unworthiness, but that she hoped she would be merciful as God in heaven is merciful.

Mrs. Pierpont, with a dignity in her manner, tempered with humanity and complacency, endeavoured to raise her up, only saying to her, "Sincere repentance, Miss, will obtain the pardon of a sinner, but it is from one who is a perfect judge of the sincerity of it.

"You must now make me a full confession, by which means you can only exemplify

emplify to me the desire you have of atoning for the many mortifications you have occasioned me, in return for the tender care, eager desire, and charitable purposes of my soul, in educating, instructing, and cloathing you."

"Alas, Madam, answered the trembling creature, I am perfectly alive to the recollection of all your past favours! Yet it was your goodness that ruined me; you took me from a state of poverty, where hard labour would have been necessary to procure me daily subsistence. This your partiality for me made you regret, as it cut me off from all manner of improvement. But alas! Madam, is there not great reason to think people of that class the happiest, that is to say, such as are above want; for if they do not enjoy the pleasures arising from the proper culture of their

intellectual powers, they are free from the abuse of those powers? They are likewise in possession of a great source of happiness, health and spirits; they never languish for want of employment, or are at a loss for something to do.

“ You will pardon, Madam, these reflections. I knew your God-like intentions; and shall endeavour to be as explicit as possible, and the more so, as I have something to communicate, which will restore joy to my benefactress. When I entered your family, Madam, I was but twelve years of age. You will allow, any means of information, I had access to, *except from yourself*; were highly detrimental to my principles. I was taught by the conversation of Mr. Pierpont, in which he was followed by his attendants, that *good* and *ill* is an opinion, not a principle.

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He used to remark at table (where I served my young lady) that men's ideas of virtue and vice are local, not universal; consequently arbitrary or dependent upon the will of a law-giver or civil magistrate. That in all countries the prejudices of the great, are the laws of the little. Thus, he said, I dine upon a slice of ham, which a Jew would think a mortal sin. In Germany it is the fashion to drink to excess; in Turkey, wine is absolutely forbid; in England, polygamy is a crime of the deepest dye; in the Levant, a man is free to marry as many wives as he can maintain. With us, adultery is reckoned amongst the greatest sins; in Lapland the cheerful native presents you with his wife and daughter; many other arguments he used, and daily produced other examples of this kind, to prove most of the common:

mon received notions of virtue and vice are vulgar prejudices, fit only to rule the mob with. Such discourses unhinged the principles of my young mind.

“ We went to Paris; Mr. Pierpont took every opportunity of saying many obliging things to me; indeed there was no occasion for much art to seduce me, as I had entertained from such a connection the most flattering hopes of my future fortune.

“ My virtue was lulled asleep by the attempts of my seducer, who had taken pains, Madam, to assure me, that virtue was all a mask. I knew I ought instantly to fly from the temptation, but alas! I had conceived too great affection for the conveniencies of life, and could no longer, as formerly, look upon indigence with an eye of indifference.

“ I will not offend your chaste ear with
the

the progress of our amour—let it suffice to say I was undone! without the smallest inclination for my seducer. The situation I soon found myself in, rendered it necessary to absent myself—besides, your presence, Madam, became intolerable to me. I pretended to go and see my friends; when Mr. Pierpont conducted me to Brussels. I remained faithful to him for two years; during which period, the two children *I have* had their existence. Since that time, I have had very little assistance from Mr. Pierpont, but have supported myself by the way of life he introduced me to. As, however, he was passionately fond of my two boys, he came to me the last time he was able to go from home. And told me he was dying; regretted he had made no provision for them, but intrusted me with his will (which he wrote in fa-

YOUR

vour of your son) desiring me not to deliver it up until he was of age, and could make a handsome settlement on me and children. Madam, *I know you*—I trust to your generosity—there it is. I came not here to receive a trifling gratuity from Lord Chester; but to do you justice. The mortification I have undergone, is a penance due to my offences; sincere penitence has taken place of my former sentiments; the truth of which I shall prove;—if you, Madam, will provide for my sons, and pay my pension to the convent of the English nuns in this place.” Figure, my beloved Lord, the joy of my friend.

Mrs. Pierpont tenderly embraced her; and assured her, that her every desire should be accomplished; she then retired. Thus every thing conspired to reward my friend’s virtue; Lord Chester’s conduct cleared:

cleared up to her satisfaction—the fortune of her son restored, and her eldest daughter upon the eve of her nuptials with the best match in this country. De Sol's seemed transported, hanging enamoured over his lovely Julia, who seems to adore her dear prince as she calls him, before us all. How beautiful is the simplicity and innocence of her age!

In the evening, when the young people retired, Lord Chester urged his suit to my friend; assuring her he would never interpose in dictating any one measure which could interfere with her duty to her children, whose establishment in the world would be equally interesting to him, as herself.

Her spirits were overpowered with this agonizing day of happiness, but she immediately replied, with the most ingenuous frankness, she was rejoiced to find his Lordship worthy of her regard:
that

that prudes might blush to own a well placed passion, or coquettes delight to trifle with a worthy heart; but for her part, she was above all disguise. "The Duchess, my Lord, added she, knows, every idea of my heart; she may show you my last letter, or acquaint you with the contents; while I retire and compose my mind to some degree of serenity."

I presented Lord Chester with her letter: his emotions are not to be described; he was all joy, all wonder, all rapture. "Then she did love me! said he, is it possible?" He was desirous of going that instant, to express his joy at her feet; I diverted him from that purpose, until he was more composed; when we went and found her in the garden, where she was covered with
blushes;

blushes ; in reality, I never saw her look more lovely.

The world does us injustice, in thinking we cannot be amiable at thirty years of age, when so many men are judged handsome at forty. If we are past being pretty, we may still be *handsome*, and if we are a little *less lovely*, how much more flattering is it to a man to have the possession of a *formed* mind ! when I observe a man past middle age, attach himself to a very young girl, it is always a proof to me of his dotage. A soft and languishing air, which my friend has contracted from grief, was no diminution of her charms, and gave them perhaps an advantage superior to that of her natural vivacity ; for though sprightliness be captivating, languor is more affecting ; it penetrates, interests, and attaches the heart of the beholder : it

is

is an indication that one has a soul capable of emotion. Nor is this display of a capacity for sensibility, a matter of little moment; when there are so many people in the world incapable of it. Lord Chester threw himself at her feet, and called himself the happiest of men. And she did not scruple to own he had made a most tender impression on her heart; and this soft acknowledgment completed his felicity. The family are now all retired to rest, or I may say meditations; we are too happy to sleep: Oh! might our felicity be free from that vicissitude, which attends all human enjoyments! I could not rest until I had wrote this long letter to the beloved of my heart; no joy can be perfect with your happy wife, in which you do not partake.

I hope

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I hope this will find you well—a few days more, and I shall be with you ; till then, and at all other times, believe me to be,

my dear Lord,

your affectionate

and faithful wife,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

L E T T E R LIII.

From the Duchess DE CRUI, to
Mrs. PIERPONT.

MY DEAR MADAM,

AS you will not be prevailed to part with the detested name of Pierpont, until your year of widowhood is completed—I shall proceed with the family narrative, to amuse you *en attendant* :

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but do not you think in your heart, that mankind would be happier if they sacrificed more to friendship, and less to punctilio? The Duke is forwarding the lawyers with their papers for De Sols' nuptials; and Lord Chester, you may believe, is not idle. In the mean time I busy myself about the jewels, &c. &c. We shall not allow you to put off your marriage one day longer than the expiration of the year. Farewell, my amiable friend.

Yours,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

L E T T E R L I V .

From the Duchess DE CRUI, to Mrs.
PIERPONT.

DEAR MADAM,

I Come now to speak of myself: my Julia's impatience for this part of the narrative is natural; there are many useful lessons to be learned from what I have to relate. My mother died in child-bed: as Sir John Filmer, my father, was a young man, she naturally concluded he would marry, and asked his leave to resign me to the care of her mother and sisters; my father complying with her request, I was sent with my nurse to Grosvenor-square. My grandmother was a woman of large fortune, which

was to devolve to her daughters and myself, equally, at her death. When I was ten years old, the old lady was seventy-five; and the young ladies, her daughters, were about fifty. I was totally neglected, which will be easy for you to conceive, when I tell you the characters of these relations.

The old dowager herself had no time to attend me. Sleep and cards filled up her whole time; she depended entirely upon the latter for her amusement, and to keep up her spirits—As Lady P——could make her house agreeable to her acquaintances, they attended her at home (when she was no longer able to go abroad), but never forgot to applaud their charity; and were particularly careful never to mention any subject, that could remind her of her mortality. Like Dame Quickly, who, whilst
there

there was the least hope of the life of her friend, Sir John Falstaff, comforted him with the consideration, *that there was no need to think of God as yet.* I can, however, recollect, when her diseases and infirmities increased, her company gradually gave her up, until her weakened intellects re-animated their charity, by *losing her money to them.* Friendship, you know, can never exist without esteem, and what the world call pleasureable connections, will fall off at the time they are most wanted.

La Marquise de Lambert has wrote a very sensible treatise on the old age of women, as Cicero did on old age, and Eccles. i. 12. iii. 15. exhibits in a series of bold and lively metaphors, a description of the various infirmities of that period. When age acts the prologue to death, and draws the curtain

before our senses, it is then high time to give that life leave to think only of death, and to prepare for its last journey. All who exceed the age of sixty, except the latter part of their life be spent in the exercise of virtue and contemplation of futurity, must necessarily fall into indecent old age. On the contrary, an inquisitive and virtuous soul improves daily in knowledge; and though the body decays, and all human pleasures with it, yet wisdom, piety, and devotion, are to them an anticipation of glory. But the case of an old man, who has no comfortable prospect of futurity, and finds the fatal hour approaching which is to deprive him of all his happiness, is too deplorable for any words to represent. No doubt, it is necessary in the nature of things, that our minds in their present state be formed and disciplined

plined by custom and habit, to that temper and character, which it is to be hereafter their glory, their perfection, and their happiness. It must be plain to every one, that a woman, in advanced age, must find her greatest pleasures in her intellectual resources and social intercourse.

The faculties of the mind will not lose their powers, unless they are suffered to lose their energy, and become languid for want of due cultivation. We ought to consider the improvement of our minds as a part of virtue; and we shall find that there ought to be no distinction between the love of knowledge and of virtue, it being evident, that the proper improvement and due conduct of the understanding, is an indispensable part of the duty of every rational being. Just sentiments of the supreme Governor

of the world, of our own nature and state, of the fitness and propriety of moral good, and the fatal effects of irregularity, are the only true foundation of goodness. To attain full and clear notions of these, it will be necessary to extend our inquiries, to carry our researches a considerable way into the works of God, from whence we draw the clearest conceptions of his nature and attributes; to study our own nature and state, with the various passions, appetites, and inclinations, which enter into our constitution. The connexion and relations we stand in to each other, and the different natures and consequences of action, according to the motives they spring from, and the circumstances which diversify them. Will not all this my dear friend, be of eminent advantage for raising us above vice, and confirming

confirming us in a steady course of virtue, which is the direct tendency of all true knowledge, and the effect it never fails to produce in every honest and uncorrupted mind? The great secret of human happiness consists in finding such constant employment for the mind, as, without fatiguing, may prevent its languishing in an irksome state of inactivity.

The intellectual faculties must be assisted by proper care, as well as those of the body; for the powers of the mind, like a flame in a lamp, will become languid and extinct by time, if not duly and regularly recruited.—We either improve or grow worse continually; there is no standing still in virtue or vice; if we do not get forward in virtue, we are sure to lose ground; if our vices are not checked and restrained, they grow every day stronger and stronger. But, I lose
sight

fight of my grandmother—let it suffice to acquaint you, she died with the cards in her hands.

My two aunts, who succeeded to the charge of me and their mother's fortune, were not better qualified for this trust than her. They were so extremely deficient in charms, that they never had it in their power to prove their cruelty or condescension to a lover. Yet concluded all men were their captives; and whatever course they took, it served to confirm them in that opinion. If men shunned them, they thought it modesty, receiving it as a proof of their passion; if they were rude, it was conduct, and done to prevent observation. When their folly made them laugh, they flattered themselves they admired their wit; and when their impertinence made men dull, they were jealous of their powers.

They

They disguised their ages by the imposture of a youthful dress and behaviour, and by herding among the vainest and youngest company, betrayed young minds in old bodies, which only served to expose them to scorn and contempt. Their personal charms faded; their understandings contaminated by folly; despised by the worthless part of the world; avoided by the wise and good; all that remained for them was public contempt, bitter remorse, exhausted hearts, and impaired constitutions. How different are those whose conduct is properly regulated, who will find every stage in life very comfortable and easy to be endured. But the best and surest guard against the inconveniencies of this period, is to cultivate in early days the principles of moral science, and uniformly to exercise those virtues it prescribes.

Every

Every stage of life hath its suitable recreations, which may be enjoyed with propriety, and which are requisite to our happiness; but to see two women, past fifty, hopping about in a country-dance, is truly ridiculous. In consequence of this gay turn in my aunts, we had frequent balls, at which they entertained all the giddy people of fashion of both sexes; who, you may believe, laughed at them while they partook of their entertainment; and the tax which the gentlemen, in their turns, paid for this amusement, was that of dancing with these hideous old women, as they called them.

As their fortune and foibles were well known, it is not at all surprising, a lover soon appeared after my grandmother's death. This was no other than Sir Violet May-Dew:—he had lost a great sum of money one night at the club; quarrelled with
with

with Lord Filligree, and, the morning after, had exchanged fires at two hundred yards distance in Hyde-Park, and proved to the world his having acted as a man of honour. The greatest difficulty now was to maintain his character, as most of his ready money was gone, and his prompt payment disputable.

It immediately occurred to him to pay his addressee to Miss P—— She did not prove inexorable; his happiness was only protracted for a few weeks, in which his bride, with the pretty timidity of fifteen, *blushed her consent*: the marriage was then concluded to the satisfaction of all parties.

From the account I have given you of this family, you may easily suppose how ill they were qualified for taking care of my education and morals. Luckily for me, the nurse who suckled
me,

me, had remained with me until I was ten years of age, and had early instructed me in religion. Devotion seldom dies in a mind which has been early tinctured with it, though it may seem extinguished a while by the cares of the world, the giddiness of youth, or the allurements of folly; it generally breaks out and discovers itself, as discretion, age, or misfortunes, have obliged a person to reflect. This good woman however being then discharged, in her place was hired a French chambermaid, who having left her own country for a *faux pas*, which had visible consequences, was appointed by my discerning aunts to instil the principles of virtue into my tender mind. But this is not the only absurdity in modern education; according to the common course of which, when a young lady is sent to school, she is instructed in

music,

music, without an ear; *singing*, without any tolerable *voice*; and perhaps to *dance* (as I once saw myself) with *a short leg and a long*. We should all make a better figure in life, and be happier in ourselves, would we adapt ourselves only for those things which are fit for us. When Cicero consulted the oracle of Delphos, what course of studies he should pursue? He was answered, Follow nature! Would people be but reformed by that wise counsel, they would distinguish themselves more than they generally do.

Cicero, said, that masters should consider the nature of their scholars, lest they should act like the unskilful husbandman, who would sow wheat in a soil that was proper only for vines. Every man finds in himself from nature, a peculiar bent and disposition to some particular character; and his struggling against it,

it, is the fruitless and endless labour of *Sisyphus*.

The young gentlemen who made my aunts, house agreeable to themselves, had infused into them a passion for music and dancing. The first, because it is the fashion of the times; and the latter, that they might be amused at their expence in a double capacity.

These connoisseurs generally direct the public taste, or rather dictate to the world, what they should admire and be pleased with; which the vanity of most people make them acquiesce in, lest otherwise they should be suspected to want taste. In consequence of the above, my aunts danced every opportunity, and had learned to expire at an opera. For these two accomplishments, every other part of my education was neglected. I had no great genius for music,

music, and contracted a hatred to dancing, from observing the absurdity of my aunts.

That a knowledge of music is an embellishment to female education is indisputable, but without a particular genius for it, the application bestowed on it, is only so much lost time. As music, though an ornament, is by no means requisite, it may not be improper to enquire, whether the time necessary for the attainment of this art, be answered by the effects arising from the acquisition. To perform on any instrument, what is called playing a little, is, in my opinion, a proof of want of taste, and of a trifling mind, that can be satisfied with an appearance instead of a reality. Exclusive of the offence which indifferent playing must produce to a delicate ear, unless the performers, like the

musician of Aspondas, play only for themselves; but the misfortune of it is, that we generally see those people most ready to entertain us in this way, who are by nature the least qualified for it.

Dionysius Halicarnassus makes the subsequent observation on music; “ I have learned (said he) in theatres filled with a promiscuous and illiterate croud, what a kind of natural correspondence we all have with melody and the agreement of sounds; having known the most admired musician to be hissed by the whole multitude, when he has struck a single note out of tune, to the disturbance of harmony; yet put this same instrument into the hands of one of these simpletons, with orders to express that note, he cannot do it, though he exacted it from the artist.” How is this? The one is the effect of *science*, the lot but of *few*;

few; the other of *feeling*, which nature has bestowed on *all*. Thus all are conscious of any defects in this art, though few can do justice to the most exquisite performance, or have a taste for its beauties. It is a science so profound, that to arrive at any degree of qualification in it, even in the executive part, is very difficult; but for composition, neither genius, nor inclination alone are sufficient; but such constant application as few indeed care to be capable of." It was this observation that made *Leo*, one of the greatest musicians Italy ever bred, declare that nothing was so insufferable to him as the music of the *dilettanti*. That talent it seems, like poetry, admits not of mediocrity.

Vanity, however, prevails so much over pleasure, that the Italian opera in London, is more frequented by people

of fashion, than any other place; to avoid the imputation of want of taste, they condemn themselves to attend, and talk in raptures of what their hearts never feel. When I was in London last winter, I heard a fine Lady say, "I was at the opera on Saturday, when I was transported! that divine duette in Armida! *Rozzini's voice is celestial harmony!* When, to my certain knowledge, she neither understood Italian, music, nor had any real taste herself.

Let such admire each great or specious name;
For right or wrong the joy to them's the same.

ARMSTRONG.

Is it possible that an Italian opera, to one unacquainted with the language in which it is written, can inspire people with that pleasure they pretend to feel? Or can their passions be interested in it?

The

The ear may be tranſiently pleaſed with the air of a ſong, but that is the moſt trifling effect of muſic. Among *theſe* who do underſtand the language, (as the young people generally now do) and enter with pleaſure into Italian muſic, the conduct of the dramatic part appears ſo ridiculous, that they can feel none of that tranſport of paſſion the united effects of muſic and poetry may produce: which may be gradually raiſed by the artful texture, and unfolding of a dramatic ſtory. If all the pleaſure the beſt Opera gives them, is mere ſenſation; is it not a pity the mind cannot have a little more ſhare in the entertainment? I cannot help however remarking, that no dramatic poet better knows how to prepare his incidents than Pergoleſe; but this is the only
instance

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instance I can produce. As I have
already wrote a long letter, I leave off
and remain,

yours affectionately,

ELIZA DE CRUE.



END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

